

Children's Newspaper, August 8, 1931

The C.N. for a Lonely Child
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The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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NEWS OF DICK WHITTINGTON

See
Page
Two

THE WONDERFUL OLD LADIES

REFUSING TO BE DULL
Rare Examples For Our Bright
Young Things

THE JEWEL OF EMSWORTH

We have been glad before to pay tribute to a fine old lady of Nottingham, Mrs E. T. Bousfield, of whom the city is very proud. She was one of the hand-somest figures at the opening of the new University by the King three years ago, and still, as we write, she is active and well, interested in the life of the town and taking part in it by visits and speeches to social and religious gatherings.

Now we come upon an old lady well deserving to keep Mrs Bousfield company, this time from a village in Hampshire. A great delight it would be to both of them, we are sure, if these remarkable Englishwomen could meet; a great example are they both to those young people who find life a bore and must invent ridiculous ways of amusing themselves.

The Daily Round

Mrs Jane Anne Jewell, living in Emsworth in Hampshire, is very remarkable in many ways. To begin with, she was born on March 5, 1826, so that she is now more than 105 years old. Her eyesight is not very good, but she can still write a letter and see to knit; indeed she spends a good deal of her time knitting various garments which are sent to people working in the Mission Field.

In the morning, after she gets up, she makes her bed and sometimes dusts her room. She takes the keenest interest in everything religious, social, and political, and as she cannot see well enough to read to herself one of her daughters reads The Times to her every day. When her friends go to visit her, as they do every day, they delight to find her readiness to discuss the latest news of the day with them.

At School

Mrs Jewell does not go out very much, except in her garden on fine days, but every Thursday she goes to Holy Communion at the Parish Church. On her 105th birthday she went to the Church Schools and spoke to some of the children, and after visiting a man who has been an invalid for many years she went to her weekly celebration of Communion.

This marvellous old lady was born in King Street, Emsworth, and it is interesting that the street was named after her great-grandfather, who built the house. An interesting house it is, too, with many bedrooms, dining-room, parlour, double kitchen, dairy, pantry, still-room, scullery, and washhouse where the food and drink for the family was prepared.

This old lady was educated at a Day School under the wife of a captain in the

Old and Young and Beautiful



Mrs Bousfield of Nottingham, 103



Mrs Jewell of Emsworth, 105

These old ladies were born before the Railway Age; they have lived on and are still active in the Flying Age. They are among the oldest subjects of the King, and one of them has met His Majesty. Both are healthy and active as we write, taking part in the life of the world.

Navy, and she worked an elaborate sampler before she was eight years old.

She had a private tutor after she left school, and was taught Latin, Italian, French, elocution, dancing, and singing by a Doctor of Music.

She used to ride a Shetland pony, and when she was older she had a horse to drive. She remembers a cartoon of Queen Adelaide as a Bury-a-Broom-Girl, a name given to her because people said she dressed so badly.

There is an excellent library in the house where Mrs Jewell lives, and though she does not read books now yet she has a lively recollection of her enjoyment in her reading days.

We whisper it very softly, and should like to put it in small type, but we remember her remarking to a visitor, not a year ago, that she enjoyed talking to men better than to women as the women talked too much about clothes and servants, and men were more intelligent and had better brains!

Can we wonder that the people of Emsworth are proud of this charming old lady, and that they call her their Jewel?

HIGH ADVENTURE

Granny Goes Up

At a big aerodrome in the north of London a lady and two men came with an introduction to the commander.

The youngest of the party, who was a very young man, diffidently said to the colonel that he had brought with him his certificate as a flying-officer in New Zealand. He did not know if the colonel would take it as valid in England, but if so he would like to borrow a Moth plane to take his grandmother for a flight.

The colonel, much amused, said his flying certificate was quite in order, he should have his Moth, and he should certainly take up his grandmother.

So Grandmamma gleefully stepped in and up the pair went, while the colonel and the boy's father watched the flight. When they came down again Grandmamma declared herself completely satisfied—because the air was "bumpy," and she would not have had a proper experience otherwise.

She was 82. It is never too late for adventure.

50 YEARS AN M.P. COUNT APPONYI

The Famous Man All the
Hungarian People Love

A UNIQUE EVENT

By Our Hungary Correspondent

A family festival in which thousands took part occurred the other day at the little Hungarian town of Jászberény, where farmer Beleznay is still waiting for his chance to lay bare Attila's tomb.

The festival celebrated the re-election to the House of Commons of a man who has represented the same constituency for 50 years.

Not only the children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren of the original electors assembled in the market-place to do homage to the candidate of their repeated choice, but also some of those original electors themselves, still hale and hearty and very proud of themselves for the part they played 50 years ago.

In the Forefront of Public Life

For the candidate in question was Count Albert Apponyi, one of the most lovable figures in European politics.

Born in 1846, Count Apponyi entered politics at 25 and has ever since been in the forefront of public life, for which he is eminently fitted by his great intellect, brilliant oratorical gifts, and clear integrity. Most of his career has been spent in Opposition, fighting to gain more independence for his country within the union with Austria. Only twice in his life has he held a position in the Government. When the Great War came to an end it was he who went out to Paris to lay Hungary's cause before the Peace Conference. His arguments and his eloquence stirred all who heard him, but they could not prevent the dismemberment of Hungary.

This catastrophe might well have led him to desist from all further efforts; yet he shouldered the work of representing Hungary at the League of Nations, and by his fair-mindedness, wisdom, and personal charm regained for his country much of the friendliness of which the war years had robbed her.

A History of His Epoch

He is held in such veneration by his countrymen that when his striking figure passes by all give way before him as if he were royalty. Yet he is the simplest and most unassuming of men, with the beautiful manners of the really great.

On his 85th birthday he was given, in token of the nation's love and gratitude, the sum of £10,000, with the stipulation that he should write the history of his epoch. Those who know him well are convinced that no better method could have been devised for keeping him among us, for he has all of that sort of noblesse which obliges, and it seems certain that he will retain his youthfulness and vigour till he has accomplished his important and difficult task.

A BUNDLE OF OLD LETTERS

SOMETHING NEW ABOUT OUR GREAT TALKER

Fresh Light on the Life of a Famous Circle of People

DR JOHNSON AND MRS THRALE

A remarkable bundle of old letters about Dr Johnson has been acquired by the John Rylands Library, Manchester.

Six months ago two big boxes mysteriously made their appearance in the famous library and now the secret is out. Dr Henry Guppy, the librarian, announces that the choice collection of English manuscripts under his charge has been considerably enriched by the purchase of over 3000 letters and other manuscripts, including note-books, deeds, and family papers relating to or written by Samuel Johnson.

Noteworthy Figures

This great collection of Johnsoniana is expected to throw a flood of new light on the intimate friendship between the literary lion of the eighteenth century and Mr and Mrs Thrale, whose social circle included such noteworthy figures as Fanny Burney, David Garrick, Oliver Goldsmith, Mrs Siddons, Edmund Burke, and, of course, the great Doctor's shadow, Boswell.

Many of the letters are in the old-fashioned handwriting of some of these famous people, and the very touch of the yellowed pages gives a thrill. Letters, more than any other manuscripts, are stamped with the personality of the writer. The little intimate domestic touches they give, the trifles of life they tell, are always more amusing than the profundities written for the great public.

A Trusted Friend

One catches the very atmosphere of "the lively feather-headed lady," as a critic calls Mrs Thrale, from these old pages penned by her fair hand 150 years ago. They reveal Dr Johnson as the trusted friend and adviser of the Thrale household, which the somewhat frivolous wife of the wealthy Southwark brewer, by her great social gifts, her genuine interest in letters and literary people, her vivacious conversation and kindness of heart, made "such a place to visit as nobody ever had."

It was during one of the great Doctor's sick spells, shortly after they had met him in 1764, that the Thrales prevailed on him to "exchange the foul air of Fleet Street for wholesome breezes"; and at Streatham, for the first time in his life, Dr Johnson found a real home, where he tasted the continuous joy of solid comfort and revelled in all the pleasures so dear to his heart—a good library, good dinners with plenty of fruit, brilliant company, witty conversation, and, above all, late hours. For the wakeful and often ailing scholar hated to go to bed early.

The World Was Changed

There was genuine friendship for both the Thrales in Johnson's long relationship. He not only stayed with them in London and in Brighton, but travelled with them in France and in Wales.

When Henry Thrale died in 1781 the world was changed for Johnson. He left the beautiful home at Streatham and went back to the "gloomy and desolate house behind Fleet Street" where his final labours on his Dictionary were performed "amid inconvenience and distraction, in sickness and sorrow." Worst of all, his friendship with Mrs Thrale was well-nigh broken through her re-marriage with the musician Gabriel Piozzi, of whom Johnson bitterly disapproved.

The letters written after the death of Mr Thrale are not very numerous, for Johnson made a practice of burning those he received from Mrs Piozzi, so that when the twenty unpublished letters of Dr Johnson to Mrs Thrale and upwards

A NEW TALE OF DICK WHITTINGTON

WHAT HE DID FOR A BOY AND A KING

Interesting Window Picture at London Guildhall

NEWS 500 YEARS OLD

The other day a golden deed 500 years old came to light again.

When the Lord Mayor unveiled the new Dick Whittington Window at Guildhall, designed by Dr Douglas Strachan and given by Lord Wakefield, the story of this ancient good deed was told to our generation for the first time.

It was Major Thomas, Keeper of the Records of the City Corporation, who discovered the facts hidden away among dry documents.

In 1394 a lad, burning with indignation, was brought before the Mayor and Aldermen by his mean-spirited master. While transacting some business for the merchant the apprentice had made an error of judgment which involved a serious loss. It was quite clear that the boy was honest, but the master had the letter of the law on his side and was able to claim a heavy penalty.

A Fresh Start in Life

The Mayor was touched by the lad's misfortune and suggested that, instead of sending him to prison, the court should direct him to repay his master by small sums deducted from his wages.

But the apprentice refused this. He preferred to go to prison (even a fourteenth-century prison).

So Dick Whittington, who was Sheriff then, was told to take him to prison. But a few months later the master found that the lad had been set free and given a fresh start in life by the Sheriff. Then he brought a new action, and it was Dick Whittington who paid the boy's debt and the damages.

Such a tale is characteristic of the generous Dick. In the new window he is shown tossing bonds worth thousands of pounds into a fire to warm Henry the Fifth, his debtor.

Henry, Shakespeare's hero, had come to dine in Guildhall with his Queen, as Whittington's guest, and had praised the sweet smell of the wood fire. The shrewd old Mayor knew how to make it sweeter, and tossed in £60,000 worth of bonds given by the King.

When Fortune Came

"Happy the king who has such a subject!" cried Henry; and Dick answered, "Happy the subject who has such a king."

Below this scene in the new Whittington Window are two small lights showing ships coming to a quay, and young Whittington, with his cat, dreaming of good fortune. When it came he shared it nobly with hospitals, libraries, poor folk, and a royal master. He left a tradition which the Lord Mayors of London have faithfully followed as champions of charity.

There is a window to Dick Whittington in Mercers Hall, but the new one is behind the memorial to Lord Chatham in the Guildhall, and completes the series of stained-glass windows round the great hall. It is one of the many beautiful things for which we have to thank Lord Wakefield, Mayor of London like Dick Whittington, and, like him also, a veritable prince of generosity.

Continued from the previous column

of 100 from Mrs Thrale to Johnson are printed by the John Rylands Library it should be an event of sensational interest in the literary world.

It is not yet possible, Dr Guppy tells us, to form anything approaching a correct estimate of the importance of this collection, but by the end of the year it will be reduced to order and made accessible by means of a detailed catalogue and a full index.

THE WORLD CRISIS

WHAT THE CONFERENCE HAS DONE

The Better Feeling Growing Up Between France and Germany

RULERS AND PEOPLE

There has been great disappointment among all who long for harmony in Europe at the small results immediately attending the London Conference of the seven great nations.

They met with high hopes of so adjusting international finance that Germany could settle down to work out her salvation free from the fear of bankruptcy and revolution. Nations and individuals with money invested in Germany had been withdrawing it so rapidly that great banks were crashing and ruin faced the whole land, a disaster certain to involve all countries, so inter-related in trade and money matters are we all today.

Putting Off the Day

Actually the conference has done little but put off the day of reckoning, though we must all be glad that it has taken place, for it is a step forward to better things.

The nations agreed to renew the £20,000,000 lent to Germany by the International Bank, to take steps to prevent withdrawals of the money lent to Germany and so maintain her credits, and to send to Germany a Committee from the Bank of International Settlements to inquire into her future needs in the form of temporary loans and the possibility of converting part of them into long-term loans.

We must be grateful for this small result, especially as a luncheon party given to the French Ministers at the German Embassy made a happy ending to the discussions. The outcome of this conference is, at any rate, a step in the right direction, but until the nations come together, admit the injustices of the Versailles Treaty, and take steps to put them right, no real peace can come to Europe and no real prosperity can return to the world.

Our Only Hope

The truth is that civilisation advances far too slowly. As we have been reminded lately, though slavery was abolished in our Dominions a hundred years ago there are still 5,000,000 slaves in the world. Lord Buxton, the grandson of the man who helped on the great measure of freedom a century ago, pointed this out the other day in appealing to the League of Nations to take more effective steps toward universal abolition.

It has taken a century to get rid of such an evil as slavery.

Both in this and in the greater cause of world peace the League is our only hope, and those who gave it a place in the Versailles Treaty planted the seed of what all nations must in the end turn to for the solution of their silly quarrels.

An Encouraging Fact

One fact in the news of the conference is encouraging. It has brought the rulers of France and Germany nearer together, and a Paris correspondent of the C.N. who was at the station when the German delegates reached Paris tells us of a great scene there which was full of encouragement. Thousands of French people were there, at least ten thousand. There they stood, a great army, waiting.

When the train drew in, and the official representatives of Germany stepped on to the platform to be greeted by the representatives of the French Government with whom they were to confer, a great cry went up from the simple citizens, *Vive la paix! Down with War! Long Live Germany!* Then they cheered the French statesmen, whom they believe to have these ends at heart.

People present felt that this cry went up from the heart of the French people, and that it represented a force more powerful than any political manoeuvre.

A LUDGATE CIRCUS COMEDY

Man's First Friend

Buller is a little black-and-white dog who carried fidelity to his master to such a pitch that he interfered with the police.

The occasion was a most serious one, for Buller, whose heart is stronger than his head, had plunged into the roadway at Ludgate Circus, and had been so nearly run over by a bus that his master, in trying to save him, was knocked down by it and fell underneath.

The bus pulled up; rescuers rushed up; but the fond and faithful Buller, fearful that something unkind was about to be done to his master, held all the rescuers at bay, yelping at them in mingled anxiety and anguish.

For some time this perplexing and alarming situation continued, till the policeman succeeded in enticing the dog away and marooning it in the bus.

Then some thirty bystanders, lifting the side of the vehicle together, managed to release the elderly man who was Buller's master, and (happy miracle!) he was not much hurt. The ambulance came for him. Buller jumped into it beside him, and, at the hospital the doctors found that a very little treatment was necessary before the old gentleman and his dog were sent home together.

Now we wonder what Buller thinks when he remembers, if he does, those perplexing occurrences at Ludgate Circus.

CRICKET

Good News From the Oval

Six acres have been added to the most popular park in South London, used by 40,000 people on a Bank Holiday. It is Kennington Park, near the Oval, which has now given itself a swimming-pool and a paddling-pool looking out on a street where the land value must be very great.

Those who know the ruinous effect on property caused by the presence of a greyhound racecourse, as well as the moral and social deterioration of the neighbourhood, will be delighted to know that the Oval is not to be used for greyhound racing, as was proposed.

It is not playing cricket to destroy the amenities of a community by imposing a dog-track upon it, and everybody will be glad the Oval authorities are playing cricket in every sense.

THE BUS DRIVER AGAIN

The bus driver is becoming our new handyman.

Only the other day he took up the duties of a policeman, and launched his bus at full speed in pursuit of a car whose driver had run down somebody and refused to stop.

But in Glasgow the bus driver changed the part of policeman for that of fireman. A man rushed out of a Glasgow house shouting with terror and with his clothes in flames.

The handy busman stepped from his driving seat, taking his fire extinguisher with him, and put out the fire.

THINGS SAID

What I keep a car for is to drive to places where a car seems a desecration.

Mr Robert Lynd

The British Empire is much stronger than it was 21 years ago.

Mr Evelyn Wrench

Only for want of apparatus did Sir Isaac Newton miss the ultra-violet ray in 1666.

Dr William Beaumont

Refuse dumping has ruined one of the most beautiful valleys in Derbyshire.

Lord Hartington

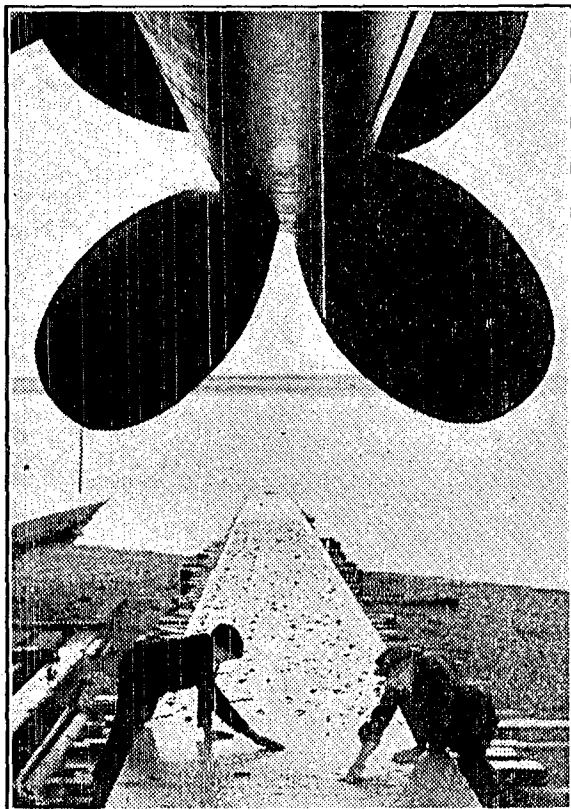
Our taxation is the heaviest in the world; one reason is that we pay our debts.

Mr Lloyd George

LAUNCHING A LINER · SEAPLANE'S COLLAPSIBLE BOAT · RIDERS IN THE ROW



The King's Men—Visitors to military tattoos held during the summer months know that drums properly played can be most impressive. Here is a long line of Black Watch drummers.



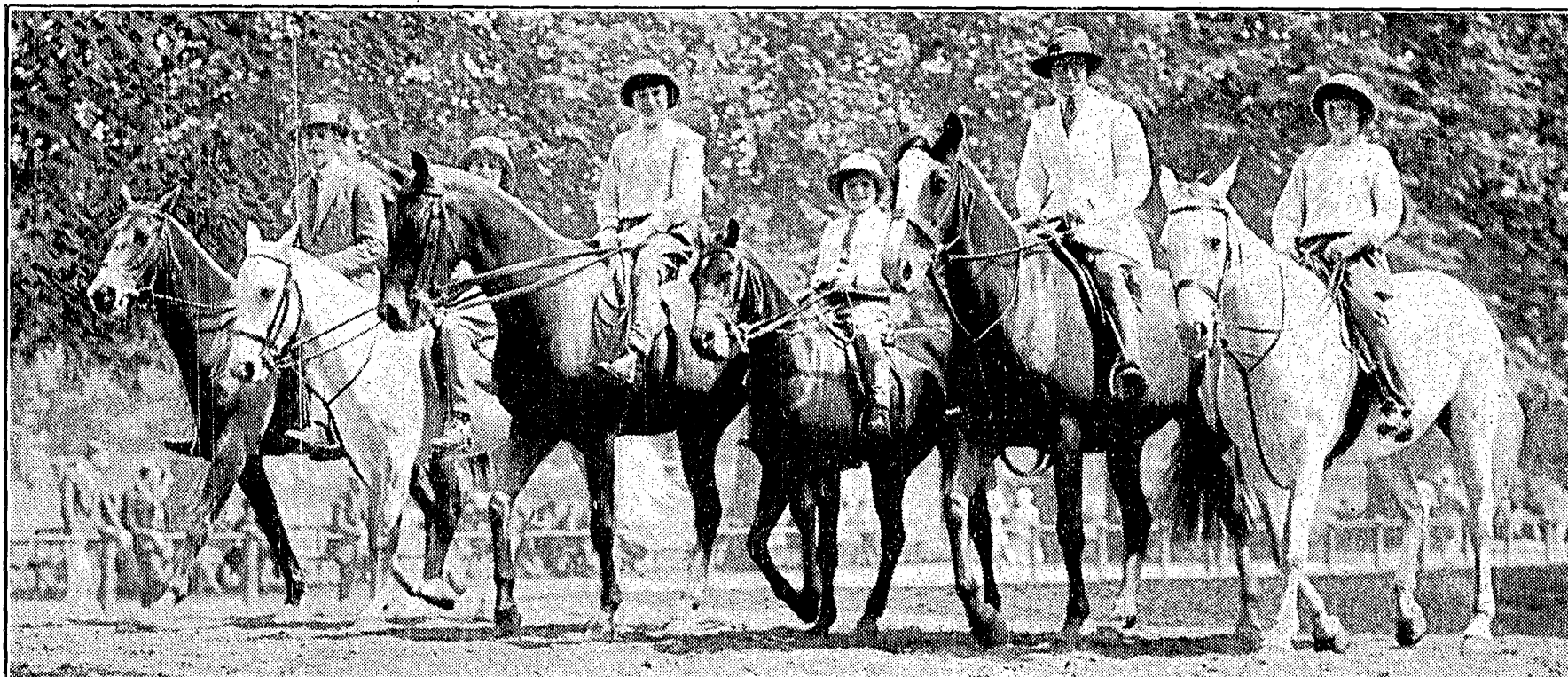
Preparing the Way—Before a big liner can run down to the water when it is launched the slipway must be well greased to make its passage easy. These men are preparing the slipway for the Strathaird at Barrow-in-Furness.



The Offering—Rough seas often mean a foreshore strawn with seaweed. This young bather at Margate has found some floating on the surface and is playfully bringing it ashore as a trophy to show to her friends.



Seaplane's Collapsible Boat—Sir Alan Cobham is off again to Africa, as mentioned on the C.N. World Map. He is seen here on the Medway beneath the wing of his giant Short seaplane testing a collapsible boat to be carried in the aeroplane.



Riders in the Row—This delightful summery picture is worthy of an artist's brush, but it was secured by the camera in Rotten Row, Hyde Park's famous track for riders. Rotten Row may have been so-called from its soft surface, though the name is also said to be a corruption of Route du Roi, a road kept for the use of royalty.

A MAN OF VISION PASSES ON

LETHABY OF THE ABBEY
Fine Career of the Architect of
Our National Shrine

A GENIUS AT HIS WORK

A man has died at 74 who had not to wait till he died to be esteemed.

He stood for insight, judgment, and wisdom to students of art and architecture and building generally. He was Professor W. R. Lethaby, and during the later part of his life, before he retired three years ago, he was architect to Westminster Abbey.

Sixty years of his life had been spent in work. Some of it stupendous. There are very few men in any generation who can say they have completely surveyed the church of St Sophia in Constantinople or who know Westminster Abbey as a man knows the books in his library. His work on St Sophia was so exhaustive and accurate that when Mr Bentley began his Cathedral at Westminster he could work from Lethaby's drawings.

Assistant to Norman Shaw

Lethaby was a Barnstaple man, the son of a framemaker. Before he could write properly he could draw and design. His father sent him to the art school in the town, and presently he was employed by a Barnstaple architect.

He was never happier than when making careful drawings of buildings. He studied hard and got through the stiff grind of the R.I.B.A. degree, and won the Soane Medal and the R.I.B.A. travelling scholarship. He was then 22.

The next stage in his career fell when he became assistant to Norman Shaw, who lived from 1831 to 1912 and influenced architecture more than any other man in his generation. Shaw is chiefly remembered now for the daring and imposing New Scotland Yard, and in the building of this Lethaby had a great share. When Shaw retired Lethaby began to work independently.

His rich years had already begun in the London he loved, where his inexhaustible interest in history, antiquities, medieval art and craft, and all things concerned with shapes in stone and wood could be fed and strengthened.

He became friendly with William Morris and his brilliant circle of pioneer artists and craftsmen, helped to found the Art Workers Guild, and was one of the earliest fighters on the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings.

A Marvellous Book

In 1906 he became architect to the Abbey, and wrote his marvellous book on the Abbey.

For many years he lived in Gray's Inn, a well-known figure, a pale, slender man, not very tall, with much personal charm, a great sense of humour, and of an unbreakable integrity of character.

His wife, an American lady, died in 1927, and then Lethaby began to feel that he must have outstayed his welcome in a world grown poor. But to his circle of great friends that could never be. He is a dear and fragrant memory. To the world at large he was a man who, more than any other architect or historian, looked on architecture from the point of view of the builder, the material used, the reasons for shape and form, the reasons that produced Gothic art and Byzantine art and the host of lovely things done by craftsmen in Europe's rich, bygone years.

THE FORTUNATE SOUTH

London and the South of England continue to enjoy the best trade conditions, in the country. South-east England 10 per cent of unemployment, London alone 11, south-west England 13, and the Midlands 22.

In the North the figures are very serious. For north-east England it is 30 per cent, for north-west England 28, for Scotland 26, for Wales 32.

EAT ALL YOU WANT

The New Restaurant Idea

AN AMERICAN JOKE THAT IS
WORKING VERY WELL

A little time ago a girl who always lunched in a certain New York restaurant had a slight shock. On entering the place she found a large notice which said: "All you want to eat for 60 cents."

The young lady had not time to seek another restaurant. She asked a waitress what the joke was and where the catch was. There was none, the waitress said. Feeling slightly dazed she went to her usual seat and eagerly examined the bill of fare, feeling sure that everything except eggs and bread-and-butter and milk pudding had disappeared. It was a very good bill of fare, and she ate a delightful meal, feeling as if it was her birthday.

Many others did the same. The restaurant became famous, and now there are twenty more eat-all-you-want restaurants, all famous.

A Birthday Every Day

Many people are watching the experiment. Doctors are finding odd, embarrassed patients on their doorsteps, and a few tailors and dressmakers rejoice to learn that waistcoats and dresses no longer fit. Those who are interested in character go to these places to watch other people. For there is a terrible temptation in this offer of a birthday every day.

All your secret longings come out. That powerful disciplinarian, your purse, has lost its whip-lash.

It appears that on the whole only one person in ten in the eat-all-you-want restaurants is really greedy. The rest are getting used to it. They have learned how boring that "morning after" feeling can be when it comes every day, and that there is something to be said for good bread-and-butter and milk pudding.

AS THINGS ARE IN INDIA

Rich and Poor

The Wealth of the Indies used to be a common phrase, and indeed there is wealth in India, for a few.

The great masses of the people, however, are exceedingly poor. We may give two striking illustrations of the fact.

The first is of wealth. Two young Indian princes, sons of a ruling Nizam now in London, have been given £35,000 to spend during the five months they will be in this country!

Now turn to the Indian workers. An English observer says:

I recall some tenements built by a wealthy Indian cotton mill at Ahmedabad. They were far from being the worst that I saw. They were the usual dilapidated hovels, built back-to-back in two rows. Each of the 153 dwellings was a single room, ten or twelve feet square, without window or chimney, with the floor a foot below the street-level. They had small verandahs with space for one string-and-bamboo bed. In each were housed six to nine persons. This was the customary scene which one soon learns to expect in Indian towns.

The 700 persons had one water-tap between them!

The Whitley Report on Indian Labour shows us that women cotton-spinners earn only 4s a week, and children in cigarette factories 2d a day, for a day of ten or twelve hours. Even engineers on railways earn only 27s a month. We are also shown that children of five work for ten or twelve hours daily without adequate meal intervals or weekly rest-days.

The fact is that, as was said in the C.N. the other day, Industrial India is where England was 150 years ago.

THE LADY OF THE PRISONS

Story of a Canadian
in Japan

A LOSS TO THE WORLD

About ten years ago a book was selling "like wildfire" in Japan.

It was called A Gentleman in Prison, and was the diary of a condemned murderer whose whole character was transformed by the visits of a middle-aged Canadian woman.

The wonderful story it told was true, and could have been multiplied a score of times. The heroine of it, Miss Caroline Macdonald, has just died.

A short time ago it was the custom in Japan to send a list of all condemned men to this lady. She was allowed to go into any Japanese prison, and the authorities were thankful for the change she brought about in the most degraded men. She had some secret which made men trust her: perhaps it was nothing more mysterious than sympathy. Her greatest work was with the men condemned to die; she alone seemed able to bring them penitence, peace, and courage.

A Brilliant Career

The Emperor of Japan decorated her "for eminent services in philanthropy." Toronto University bestowed a Doctorate upon her. The Japanese Minister of Justice gave her a silver cup in commemoration of her beneficent work among condemned men and other unfortunate people.

Miss Macdonald was born in Canada half a century ago. The other day a doctor sent her back to her home to die.

In her youth she had a brilliant career at Toronto University, and then she went to Japan to work as a missionary among women students in universities there. But gradually she came to do more and more work in prisons, and the last 17 years of her life were devoted to the task of helping prisoners.

Among the many good things she started was a settlement to which bad boys could be sent instead of to prison, and this settlement was the making of many a young offender.

In the Great Earthquake

Miss Macdonald gave valuable help on reconstruction schemes after the great earthquake of 1923, and in 1929 she went to Geneva as the official interpreter to the International Labour Office Conference. All sorts of people will miss her bitterly, from Cabinet Ministers to humble gaolers and reformed thieves. Where again will they find a woman with such a heart and such a brain as hers?

Where indeed? Unless Canada is breeding daughters now who mean to pick up the torch she dropped the world will be a sorer place for the loss of this quiet, wonderful woman.

THE MAGIC WIRE

The Unfolding Miracles of
the Telephone

The Swedish invention which takes down a telephone conversation on a steel wire running between the poles of an electric magnet has been described in the C.N.

The International Telegraph and Telephone Corporation has gone farther than this, and has made it possible for an entire telephone conversation in both directions to be recorded.

If someone is rung up and a conversation ensues, the words of the speakers at both ends will be recorded, and either of them can at any time repeat the conversation by running the steel wire through a reproducing device. If the record is no longer wanted the message can be obliterated, and the wire used again.

THE LITTLE PEARL TRITON

A £10,000 Jewel Leaves
England

RELIC OF THE GREAT MUTINY

One of the most famous pieces of jewellery in the world has been sold at Sotheby's for £10,000.

It was bought for an American lady, who intends to present it to one of the United States museums.

It is called the Canning Jewel, and is supposed to have been designed by Benvenuto Cellini, the Florentine sculptor and goldsmith, who made so many exquisite small things as well as large ones like his famous bronze Perseus.

The Canning Jewel is a fantastic and gorgeous thing, the finest example of Italian Renaissance jewellery of this kind in existence. It is 4 inches long and 2½ inches wide. In the middle is a small Triton (one of the imaginary sea-gods of whom we read in Greek stories), whose body is one huge pearl, with head and arms of white enamel and tail of brilliant yellow, green, and blue enamel, set with diamonds and a magnificent engraved ruby. The beard and hair of the Triton's face are gold, and he wears diamond and emerald trinkets on his arms.

A Lovely Pearl

In one hand the little man holds a scimitar set with diamonds and in the other a Gorgon's mask with a face of turquoise blue, white horns, and a ruby for a mouth. A lovely pearl dangles from the mask, and another from the Triton's tail, and a pendant of rubies and another large pearl hang from the middle of the jewel, finishing it.

The story is that it was given by one of the Medici princes to a Mogul emperor of India. When the English captured Delhi in the Mutiny the jewel was found in the treasure box of the King of Oudh. It was taken by the Government as war loot, and presently bought by Earl Canning, the first Viceroy of India.

ELEVEN MEN ACROSS THE WORLD

Floating to New Zealand

Eleven men are floating from the Tyne to Wellington, New Zealand, imprisoned in a huge floating dock. It is being slowly towed 13,500 miles by two Dutch tugs. It has 17,000 tons lifting capacity. The tugs are stuffed with coal and food, for only two ports will be touched in the whole distance, Port Said and Batavia. The men will have to live on practically nothing but tinned food, and their water is stored in four huge tanks inside the dock. Their bunks are there, too, rigged up inside temporary cabins.

The dock is made of iron, and so hot will it become in the Tropics that special clogs have been provided to protect the crew's feet. The voyage will take about seven months. *Picture on page 9*

HOW SHALL WE RUN OUR TRAINS? Oil and Electricity

The recommendation that our railways should be electrified is challenged by the advocates of oil-electric working.

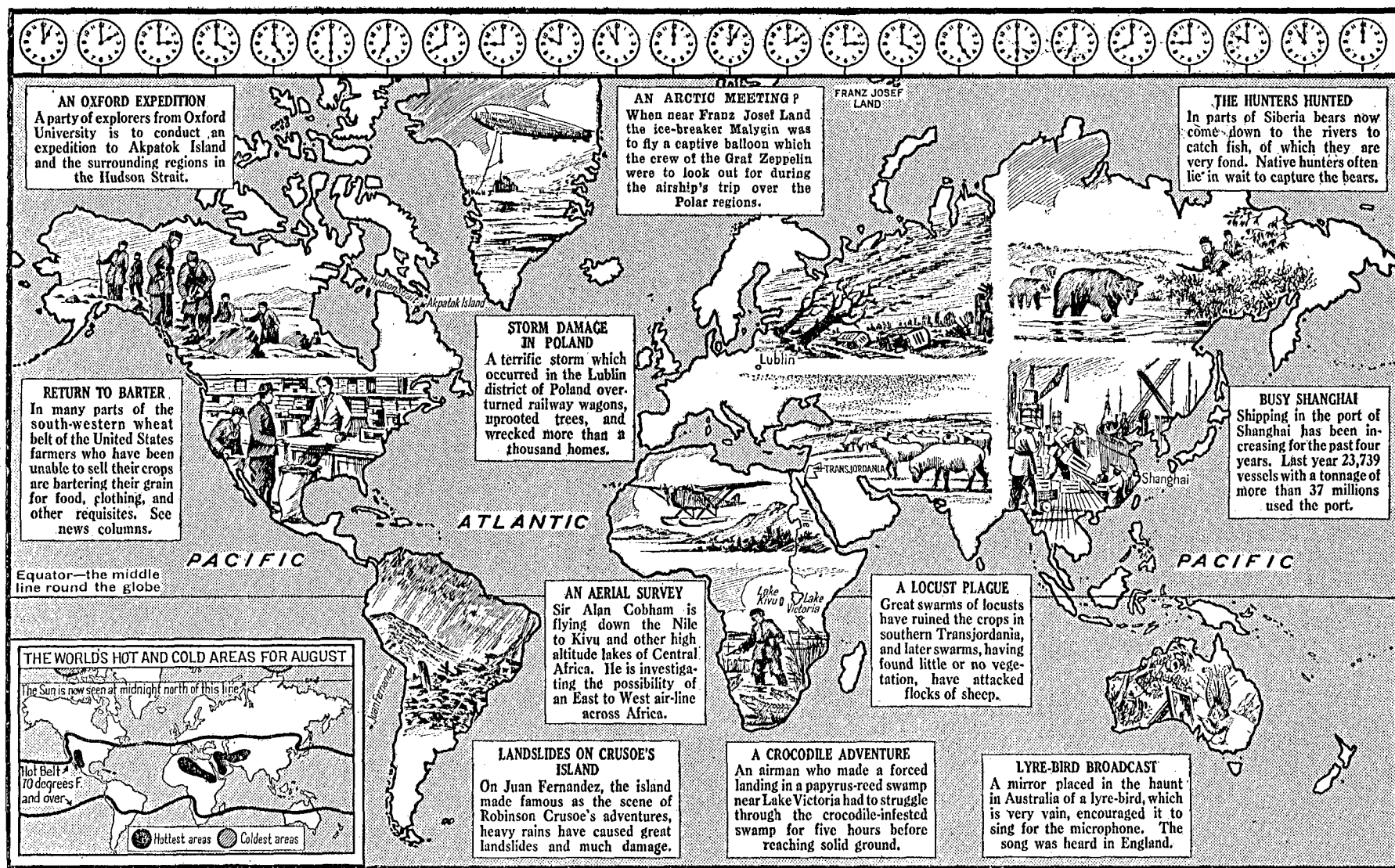
Oil-electric traction means the use of Diesel engines, compound locomotives combining oil and electric power.

It is contended by one firm that oil-electric power is cheaper than electrification, just as electric power is cheaper than steam power.

It is said that within a very short space of time several Diesel tractors will be at work on British railways.

It is noteworthy that whereas the electrification of railways would employ British coal the oil-electric engine would add to our need for imported oil.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



THROWING SOVEREIGNS AWAY

The Boys Who Did Not Know

A few months ago the C.N. told the story of a servant girl who had never seen a half-sovereign.

We have now come across the remarkable case of three London boys who threw away sovereigns because they thought they were old badges!

This little story sounds like a fairy tale except that it has no happy ending.

While walking along Broad Lane, Tottenham, the other day our young friends found a bag containing 52 sovereigns. Not one of them guessed they had picked up anything of value, and all unconsciously they sold three of the gold pieces to a man for 1s 1d. Then the little trio wandered on till they reached the River Lea, and here they amused themselves by throwing all but a few of the remaining coins into the water. When they arrived home one of the boys showed his father what was left of their find, and he reported the story to the police.

We are sorry that the man who bought three of the coins was not fair enough to say what they were, but we think it high time that all our young people knew our English coinage.

FATHER

A delightful story has just been told of Professor A. L. Smith, once Master of Balliol College, Oxford, who was the father of a large family.

He was walking with a friend one day in the outskirts of Oxford and it happened that the girls from a preparatory school came rushing out and scattered over the street, going home to dinner. The professor suddenly stopped his learned conversation and appeared to meditate on the crowd of little girls. "Some of those children," he presently said, "are mine."

TEA DOWN

The Impossible Happens at Last

We record with mixed feelings the fact that the big tea sellers have announced reductions in the price of tea right through the scale.

Our correspondents who assured us that the reduction could not be made are now confronted with the accomplished fact.

What is astonishing is that there is no means of protecting the public from high prices in such a matter. For months past tea has been selling wholesale at prices substantially lower than of old, yet the benefit of the lower prices was not passed on to the public. British housewives badly need protection in these matters.

GOOD NEWS

Road Accidents Reduced

Among the happiest items of current news is a big reduction in London traffic accidents.

The fall in road deaths is from 377 in the last three months of 1930 to 289 in the first three months of this year. The corresponding fall in non-fatal injuries is from 13,323 to 9943.

The Minister of Transport is to be heartily congratulated on this news, which appears to be due to his new Highway Code. We hope a similar improvement will be recorded for the whole country.

While the improvement is a matter of congratulation, let us not forget that the number still represents a mass of casualties which resembles the result of a war.

THE DAVIS CUP

For the first time since 1919 English lawn tennis players this year fought their way to the Challenge Round for the Davis Cup. In this, however, they were defeated by France by three matches to two, so that France retains the trophy. The last time British players won the Davis Cup was in 1912.

A WAR OFFICE SECRET

The Wall Round a Pageant

When is a pageant not a pageant? The answer seems to be When it is a military ceremony.

That is the sorrowful conclusion to which we are led by a most courteous letter received from the War Office in reply to our complaint that when the Trooping of the King's Colour is held on the Horse Guards Parade a Chinese Wall of redcoats in double line is so packed about a large part of it that nobody behind them can see what is happening in front of them.

To that the War Office replies that this military formation of Guardsmen is necessary because they are part of the ceremony. The inference is that if they were not drawn up in this excluding manner on two sides of the great square the ceremony of the Trooping of the Colour would be shorn of its ceremonial.

It is hard for a mere civilian to pierce the secrets of these military necessities, and there is nothing for us to do but to admit the force of the explanation. But, it seems to us, as mere civilians, that the 50,000 people who troop to Whitehall to see the pageant must be content to see the backs of the Guards and not the pageant.

To them the Trooping of the King's Colour will continue to remain a dark secret, and we still wonder why, if we are to have a pageant people are supposed to be able to see, it is made into the sort of pageant that they cannot see.

RAMBLERS

At a conference of rambling societies held at Whalley in Lancashire the other day the delegates made a number of good resolutions.

They will form a federation pledged to preserve rural amenities and the public right-of-way. They will prepare data which will be for the use and safety of ramblers. And they are to be called by the fine name Ramblers, not by the silly name Hikers!

A REMARKABLE OLD LADY

What She Did

A remarkable lady has just died.

She was Mrs Eliza Fenwick Streatfield, who was born at Chipchase Castle, Northumberland, 85 years ago. She spoke five languages, taught herself Greek and Hebrew, and took a profound interest in numismatics, the science of coins or medals.

But this scholarly lady was the active and practical manager of two large schools, honorary secretary of the Care Committees of several schools for deficient children, and was in charge of a branch of the Invalid Children's Aid Association. She kept case papers of scores of children, and made arrangements for them with all the care of a mother with one chick.

After a long day spent in going here or there about the business of these children she would return to read Thucydides half the night. She was a Victorian, and the Victorians had a way of getting through far more than we do, and with remarkably little fuss.

Possibly the most unusual thing about this clever and charitable lady was that she disapproved of charitable legacies. There was no self-sacrifice, she said, in making a gift at the expense of your heirs. So she gave generously and often in her lifetime, and if anyone suffered it was nobody but herself.

THE OLD BELL RINGS AGAIN

Lost Music of 150 Years

A famous old bell of Shelton Church in Bedfordshire is ringing again after a silence of 150 years.

Cracked bells have been doomed to everlasting silence until recently, but a new method of welding a crack has been invented. The bell of Shelton Church was cast by Hugh Watts of Leicester 300 years ago, and is a beautiful specimen of craftsmanship. The crack was three feet long!

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AUGUST 8

1931

The Disgrace of England

Not long ago a great disaster befell a tenement house and a number of poor people perished. Among the victims were a young married couple who had vainly endeavoured to find a little house to live in. The minister who conducted their funeral said:

The victims of this accident, who were married three years ago, had sought and beseeched for a home at a reasonable rent for themselves and their children, and would most likely have been very happy under Christian conditions.

For one thing it is exceedingly sad that such a case as this should be recorded in a civilised community. For another thing it is remarkable that people should still be vainly seeking a good home in a country which has passed Act after Act dealing with housing and supposed to cover every conceivable case of bad housing.

What we need is action. What is at fault is that the Housing Acts are not applied with sufficient enterprise to meet the evils with which they are supposed to deal. *Local authorities are armed with Housing Acts, but do not use them.*

The Government's new Housing (Rural Authorities) Bill was read a third time in the House of Commons last month. One of its supporters regarded it as a first step in the regeneration of the countryside.

It is to be hoped the new measure will be effective. We have a Minister of Unemployment: why does he not take steps to abolish every slum in the country? If we were at war we know what would be done in such a case. We should call together the people directly responsible and insist on their meeting an urgent necessity. In this matter of housing the Government might surely summon the responsible heads of the municipalities to a Grand Council and demand that the Housing Acts should be used to the limit of their powers.

This would have a happy effect in two directions, for it would at once abolish the slums and call men into employment. It is not a creditable thing for the country that we should need houses and have builders unemployed. The continuance of the Slums is the disgrace of England.

It would stimulate the local authorities to action if the Government were to find some way of driving them to use the money facilities now abundantly at their disposal.

What is wanted badly is that our Government should be in earnest and that our local authorities should use their powers. They have powers and do not use them. Let them act, and let the Government urge them on.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Justice

It seems that the world is coming to realise that peace depends on justice. Without justice there is nothing much worth having.

Is not one of the very best of all stories that of the Greek king to whom a traveller came and said:

"Sire, I am going to travel in your colonies; will you write to your friends and servants telling them to treat me with justice?"

"My friends," replied the king, "do justice, even when I do not write to them."

Halves, Partner

SHE was a little servant girl from the North Country. She had no manners, but she had a heart full of devotion and unselfishness.

She came with her mistress into the strange South, determined to look after her. Every afternoon she would march into the little drawing-room at exactly four o'clock with a tray, saying "Here's your tea, Mrs Ely, love."

One day Mr Ely had a friend for the week-end and mistress and maid had extra duties. On the Monday the little maid came running upstairs with, "Here, Mrs Ely, that gentleman's given me five shillings. You did just as much as I did. Halves!"

Carry On

TOM, I wish we had a South Sea Island.

So ends a newly published letter from the poet Robert Southey to his brother on the Royal George. It was written in 1799.

How many hundreds echo it in 1931? Oh to escape from the worries of Europe to the peace of some southern isle.

But we must make the best of our own isle; and after all, are things as bad as they seem? Southey said he saw no hope of salvation for England; Europe would go down in a revolutionary whirlpool, or groan under a religious despot who would bring back persecution and the Inquisition, he said in a mood of despondency.

But it has done neither. Perhaps our pessimists are false prophets too. Let us try again.

The Reason Why

At the end of a tough battle an old trades unionist tapped his opponent on the shoulder and said: "For 20 years I've know'd thee; we've always been on opposite sides, and we've never had a cross word."

That story, just told by the industrial correspondent of one of our newspapers, shows how we do our fighting in England. It shows why our working men are better off than any others in Europe, and why we are as far from revolution as Russia is from prosperity.

Playing the Game

It was sports day and prize-giving at a little school in Western Canada, where three Englishwomen are trying hard to implant British ideals in the minds of a new race.

One of the mistresses saw a mother leading her small boy away. She ran and stopped them. "You are not going already?" she said. "There is no reason why we should stay," said the other, smiling; "thank you very much all the same. Jack has no prizes and he cannot possibly win anything."

"No," said the Englishwoman; "but he must stay to cheer those who do."

"I never thought of that!" said the other. "All right, we'll stay. And we'll cheer."

Tip-Cat

A LONDON restaurant-keeper spends his holidays cutting down trees. Likes a good chop.

A DOCTOR advises people to run after meals. Does he recommend a race-course?

You should dress to match your complexion, says a fashion writer.

Peter Puck Wants To Know



If five toes are a foot rule

Some of us haven't enough cheek.

BACON is popular in China. The Chinese are getting rasher and rasher.

JAZZ tunes are too silly for words, says a musician. But the words are just as silly.

WE all buy experience.

And usually do it by being sold ourselves.

A WRITER thinks London is like a lion. Must have heard the roar of the traffic.

HOT-HOUSE gardening is recommended as a profession. Its advocates warm to their subject.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

THE National Trust now owns about 30,000 acres.

YALE UNIVERSITY has received £2,400,000 in gifts in the last twelve months.

SIR EDWIN DODD this month completes 60 years of voluntary work for the poor of London.

JUST AN IDEA

There has been invented a poison known as the Dew of Death. One teaspoonful dropped above a city will kill a million of the inhabitants, while a bomb small enough to carry in a woman's handbag would lay London in ruins. What shall we do with it?

Everybody's Book

A VERY beautiful idea has just been given to the world, and if it is adopted it will make the work of a historian far easier and more delightful in days to come.

The idea is that every parish should have a Book of Remembrance, and that people should stop putting tablets on church walls and write little biographies in the Book of Remembrance instead. The Book would be kept as carefully as the Register, and could be seen as easily. It would soon become a history of the district, and would make delightful reading. At least one village in England has already such a book of the men who left it for the war.

Here we could write not only of a man's virtues but of his lovable foibles and his jokes, and tell little stories to illustrate his wit and kindness. In the pages of the Book he would live; no man ever lived in the cold marble of a memorial tablet.

How wonderful it would be to read the Stratford Book of Remembrance for Shakespeare's time! If every parson had edited a dictionary of parish biography we should be able to solve half the puzzles of history.

We could wish the idea had been put forward in time to save Westminster Abbey from the pompous marbles which hide its beauties without endearing the memory of the dead.

Discourtesy at the Gate

It is surely time we revised our treatment of foreign visitors.

Our restriction laws are now among the most severe in the world, whereas England was once noted for liberty and kindness to strangers. Now the foreign visitor is too often insulted and humiliated.

A London journalist tells the story of a German editor who came here to finish a book. He landed at Dover with a passport and papers showing who he was. The embarkation officers held him up for two hours and then gave him permission to remain for 14 days. He came to London feeling that he had been treated as a criminal. The Home Office apologised and granted an extension of time, but a decent citizen had been needlessly affronted.

We have been told of an Italian engineer who came here with a letter written by the British Consul in an Italian town. On showing this letter at the port a British official tore it up, threw it down, and said "That for your British Consul." Yet this Italian engineer was not only a citizen of a friendly country but a possible customer of England.

The Green Carpet

Here I come, creeping, creeping, everywhere;

By the dusty roadside,

On the sunny hillside,

Close by the noisy brook,

In every shady nook,

I come creeping, creeping, every-where.

Sarah Roberts

August 8, 1931

The Children's Newspaper

7

THE LAST OF THREE BROTHERS

GREAT PIONEERS

The Moberly Boys and What They Did For Canada

PATHFINDING FOR THE C.P.R.

There were once three brothers, and they lived in Canada.

Their names were Henry John, Walter, and Frank Moberly.

Each boy had a pocketful of good fortune with which to start his life, for each had enterprise, ability, and industry.

Frank did a great service to Canada by exploring the mountain passes from the Peace River Country. Henry John, who became a famous plainsman, joined the Hudson's Bay Company as long ago as the middle of last century. His life-history would read like a story. Only lately has he died, at 97, the last of the three famous brothers, and it is the news of his passing that reminds us of the story of Walter Moberly, who did the greatest thing of all.

Trappers and Red Indians

When the three Moberly brothers were boys the only people who lived in the North-West country were trappers and Red Indians. Great herds of buffaloes roamed the prairies, and there were forts here and there in which the white people could take refuge in case of attack from Indians.

Then in 1867 Canada became a Dominion, and things began to move. The impossible-sounding scheme of the Canadian Pacific Railway, 3000 miles long, was considered. First the line had to cross a thousand miles of rocky country with swamps and lakes and rivers. Then came an easier thousand miles of prairie land, and after that the stupendous obstacle which was presented by the Rocky Mountains.

Mountain Barriers

Dr James Hector discovered a pass, a mile high, far enough south for the line to cut through in a straight route toward Victoria.

Beyond the Rockies the Commission had to grapple with two more mountain ranges, the Selkirks and the Gold Mountains, and here it seemed that there was no possible way through and that the advantage they had gained by their short cut through the Rockies was hopelessly lost.

Then a man from Vancouver, Walter Moberly, one of our three famous brothers, came to the rescue. He volunteered to search for a way through.

In fairy tales it is quite a usual thing for a magic bird to come and tell the hero or heroine how to do a super-human task. In this true story Walter Moberly was helped by two eagles.

Walter Finds the Way

He had reached Lake Shuswap, beneath the Gold Mountains, and at the mouth of a creek he fired a pistol. The report startled a pair of eagles, which hovered near their eyrie, and they flew away up the creek.

The direction of their flight suggested to Moberly that here might be a way through the mountains. As fast as he could he climbed to a high peak and saw that he had guessed rightly.

Lit up by the setting sun he saw a valley stretching right from the Shuswap Lake to the Columbia River.

Moberly was up before daylight the next morning. He descended to the bottom of the valley and found that the stream flowed West. Leading to the East there was a low valley. He

THE ST BERNARD'S LITTLE BARREL

FROM an iron hook in the stone vaulting of the wine cellar of the Hospice founded nearly 900 years ago by Bernard de Menthon there hangs today a handful of small kegs, such as we see in pictures, attached to the collars of St Bernard dogs engaged in their work of rescue in the Alps.

The dogs still go out on their rounds to search for wayfarers, but their little barrels hang unused in the dim cellar.

"Do the dogs no longer carry wine for travellers who may have fallen in the snow?" I asked the Prior.

"Hardly ever," he replied. "Now that we have the telephone far fewer people are lost than in the old days; and, as a

matter of fact, those kegs were rarely used for wine. We really began using them as a means of supplying the Hospice with milk. We used to keep our cows with herdsmen in the valley, and the dogs went down each day to return with their barrels filled with milk. The idea that they carried spirits to revive lost travellers seems to have struck the popular imagination, but that has always been a secondary use. Their real purpose has been to supply nourishment, not stimulant.

"Now that we keep three cows here all the winter the dogs no longer need to run this daily errand; that is why their little barrels are now unused."

TWO ENDS OF THE WORLD



Australia—Ready for a toboggan run at Mount Buffalo National Park in Victoria



England—a rowing eight on the Thames at Hammersmith

While summer pastimes are the order of the day in England it is interesting to recall that our cousins in Australia are having their winter. Although snow is by no means common in the great Island Continent the Australian Alps in New South Wales and Victoria provide excellent opportunities for snow sports during the winter months.

Continued from the previous column

blazed a cedar tree and on it he wrote *This is the path for the Overland Railway*. The eagles were immortalised, for he named the valley the Eagle Pass.

The problem was now almost solved, and after the famous survey of Sir Sandford Fleming the route was finally planned through the Eagle Pass. Moberly was made chief engineer of the mountain section of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and he also became Surveyor-General for British Columbia.

After difficulties the story of which would fill a book the 3000 miles of railway were completed, and on November 7, 1885, the last rail was laid at Craigellachie in the now famous Eagle Pass. Only this year, as if it were the

culmination of Moberly's connection with the opening-up of Canada, a great event is taking place. This is the extension of the Canadian Pacific Railway to Churchill, Manitoba, on Hudson Bay, by which hundreds of miles are saved.

Ever since the railway was built it has been the dream of all those living on the prairie lands to be able to send their wheat by a new route through Hudson Bay to save the long journey by land to Montreal. At Churchill a two-and-a-half-million bushel elevator and 1600 feet of new docks are almost finished, and it is hoped that by the autumn the giant elevator will be ready to handle shipments of Canada's grain harvests, which will be sent to Europe by this new route.

DROUGHT IN CANADA'S WHEATFIELDS

A TERRIBLE TIME

The Greatest Calamity the Dominion Has Known

MISFORTUNE ON MISFORTUNE

In the wheatfields of Western Canada a new blow has been struck at the farmer by a new enemy.

The enemy is Drought.

It is an enemy not unknown. The farmers of Saskatchewan, Alberta, and Manitoba know drought of old as they know early frosts, blight, and all the other stern handicaps with which Nature confronts them. But this is so serious a drought that over 5,000,000 acres not a grain of wheat will be garnered, and the Prime Minister of Canada has described it as the greatest national calamity that has ever overtaken the country.

It may not be as bad as that. The power, might, and dominion of Canada have been built on successful conflict with these visitations of Nature. The farmer has often been cruelly handicapped by them and, gazing over ruined fields and crops, has murmured that pathetic old lament of those who till the soil: "If it had only been a normal year!"

Falling Prices

Canada, though it has experienced so many years that were not normal, has survived them all and has never ceased to grow stronger. So may it be now!

The blow has fallen at a time when the North-West Canadian farmer is staggering under another burden—that of falling prices. A year ago wheat, which has stood at as high a price in quite recent years as a dollar a bushel, sank to less than half as the sum the farmer received for it when all the costs of getting it to market had been paid.

In some parts of Canada the farmer got even less, so that he was receiving hardly a third of the price for wheat on which the sowing of the wheatfields, their farming, and their extension had been founded. This sum was so much below the actual cost of production that in parts of Canada some farmers burned their wheat for fuel rather than send it to market.

The most disturbing thought about this situation is that the calamities have come together, and neither can offset the other. When 5,000,000 acres of wheat go out of cultivation thousands of farmers fall into a desperate plight, but by the shortage of their wheat the rest of the farmers do not profit.

The Future

The difficulties of selling their wheat at a profit in the world market remain as great as ever, quite unaffected by this absence of one drop in the bucket.

Yet the future is not wholly black. The people and Government of Canada are rising generously to the occasion, and are taking measures to alleviate the losses and distress of the farmers whose crops have failed.

At the same time the situation has made Canada and other great wheat-growing nations realise that they must join together to sell the wheat when it does come more profitably.

The farmer's wheat must be marketed for him to the best advantage, and when the swing of the pendulum arrives and the world, instead of being glutted with wheat, asks for more, provision must be made to satisfy the demand and at the same time to satisfy the farmer, and preserve him.

IN DEATH NOT DIVIDED

Mr and Mrs William Gough, of Chippenham, who had been married 62 years, died within eight hours of each other and were laid in one grave.

THE HERONRIES OF ENGLAND COUNTING THEM

The Kent Village That Has Had One For 600 Years

BIRD LIFE CALM IN A RESTLESS WORLD

There are many labours of love going on in this country about which we know little, hundreds of people moving quietly about noticing and learning and setting things down in books. One of these surveys resulted, not long ago, in a census of the heronries of England.

It is almost a hundred years since the first attempt was made to count our heronries. Now we know how many there are, how many there were, the number of nests in each colony, where and when the sites have shifted, which sites are protected, and the chief causes of the losses.

Some Startling Facts

In the course of this survey some startling facts came out. It was learned, for instance, that there has been a heronry at Chilham in Kent in continuous occupation since about 1290.

The herons have beaten us there. They make us feel that we are restless, unstable beings and do not know our own minds. It would not be easy to find many English homes that have been in continuous occupation for six centuries, if we except the great example of Windsor Castle, where the kings of England have lived for 850 years.

When the Norman castle at Chilham was new and strong the herons were standing about fishing in streams and ponds, much more secure than the people travelling the rough roads.

The Peace of Kent

The little bird colony was just well established when the famous Statute of Winchester was passed in 1285 which caused roads to be cleared of ditches and coppices where footpads hid in order to pounce on honest folk going home from market; it has lived to see the same roads shining tracks for countless skimming wheels. Wars and tumults, cannon and fires, have shaken the peace of Kent, and still the birds live on in their place of inherited calm, caring as little for cars and aeroplanes as they do for enemy guns.

This is by no means the only historic heronry in England. The colony at Aldershaw in Sussex may be almost as old, but the records are lacking. The Windmill Hill heronry in Sussex was there before 1600; that near Dulverton in Somersetshire existed a little earlier. The heronry at Muncaster Castle in Cumberland was well established before 1621.

These dates have been patiently gleaned from title deeds, old maps, letters, memoirs, histories. Scores of the heronries set down as immemorial (existing beyond any memory or hearsay) may be centuries old, and some day their history will be traced.

Losses Through the War

Altogether there are about 250 heronries in England and Wales, containing about 3,400 nests. Before the war the numbers were much higher, but the tree-felling that then came in caused the loss of hundreds of nests.

Heronry seem to care very little what kind of trees they live in, and when a burdened branch breaks they generally start keeping house again in another tree close by. Some trees can bear a heavy colony and still live. In 1769 a naturalist counted in a famous Lincolnshire heronry now extinct 80 nests in a single oak, a heroic sight not to be seen now, where at the most there may be eight nests in one tree, and more often perhaps three.

It is very interesting to think of this aspect of the myriad bird-life about us,

A CHANCE MISSED The British Empire at the French Exhibition

England has lost a great opportunity of showing the world the work she has done for civilisation.

The French are holding a Colonial Exhibition and people are going from all over the world to Paris. The first thing a patriotic English visitor there does is to look up his country's name in the official guide, but he looks in vain.

We have no flag-bedecked pavilion as other countries have, no inspiring panoramas of our wealth-producing lands overseas, no historical record of our colonial development since the days of Drake and Raleigh, nothing to show the world of our greatest achievement of the last 300 years.

Four small rooms hidden away among the offices of the exhibition contain our sole contribution, and that contribution, perfect and wonderful as it is in its way, is a review of tropical diseases with all their unpleasant associations, a veritable chamber of horrors to a sensitive soul.

Naturally enough the question is being asked in Paris—Is this a joke? It is, of course, no joke; it is only an example of absolute lack of imagination on the part of our Government officials, who have left this great chance to one group of Empire workers, and have let slip a golden opportunity of displaying to the world some of the riches of our world-wide Commonwealth.

800 YEARS OF WHEAT A Remarkable Fact

A wonderfully interesting thing is being done by Sir William Beveridge, the economist, who is making a table of the prices of wheat from 1156 to 1930.

The other day, talking about it to the historians, he said that to find the price of wheat as low for any decade as it is now we must go back to 1580, though in particular years since then the price has been lower.

In his researches he has made many interesting discoveries, and he hopes to be able to give the wages of different kinds of workmen and the prices of all sorts of things, from nails to butter. But only the price of wheat has been recorded right back to 1156. The prices of other things can be traced back to the Middle Ages, and often lost there, while the importance of wheat, the staff of life, made the chronicler set down its price in earliest ages. It was the thing that made times good or bad.

King Bread was the ruler who made or unmade men, and the date of a king's coronation or of a battle in France or Scotland tells us less of life as it was in the past than the price of wheat.

Continued from the previous column

pleasant to think of places quiet enough for herons to stand one-legged in the drowsy stream. These birds are by no means the only kind of which it is desirable to have a census. The rookeries of England should surely some day be counted and their histories traced, and the swanneries, which will be easier. Rooks make a special feature of English rural charm to all except the farmer, whose grain they devour unless prevented. They are remembered by exiles at the other end of the world. Men working on frontier posts in blazing lands will suddenly see nests swaying in windy treetops, and hear rooks in the high garden calling.

The watching of birds, of any kind is a most delightful hobby. There are plenty of C.N. readers, we are certain, who have learned that early lesson, that a watcher watches first with his ears, then knowing the sound marks the flight, and knowing the flight marks the bird at rest. And some day, we feel sure, C.N. readers will be making a census of birds in their neighbourhood, marking fledglings, and eagerly watching where the marked birds reappear.

SAD READING Work and Disease HOW OTHERS SUFFER FOR US

Much more care is now taken than of old of workers in dangerous trades, of which there are many.

The Factory Act of 1901 has a special section dealing with industrial disease and poisoning; and there is the Lead Paint Act of 1926.

The deadly character of lead makes it the chief contributor to the list of industrial disease cases. In 1930 there were 265 cases of lead-poisoning, 32 of which caused death. Lead, of course, is used in many trades besides painting, but of the 32 deaths from lead-poisoning as many as 14 were in the painting trade. The pottery trade, which also uses lead, caused ten such deaths, so that between painting and pottery we have 24 out of the 32 deaths accounted for.

We are glad to say that while there were some other cases of industrial poisoning there were no actual fatalities in connection with the use of mercury, arsenic, phosphorus, and dyes, but there were 24 cases of aniline poisoning.

A Peril of the Plating Trade

It is sad to learn that the new chromium plating is causing much disease, and we regret to see that last year there were 57 cases reported in the plating trade.

The terrible disease called anthrax (the murrain of the Bible) is still rife in the trades which have to handle wool, hair, hides, and skins. There were 43 cases last year and six of these were fatal. There is clearly still room for improvement here.

Last of all we come to what is perhaps the most terrible and least realised of all industrial diseases. The handling of coal products and mineral oil is very dangerous. Last year there were about four cases of cancer from this cause reported every week, and the number of deaths in the year was 36. In the handling of pitch 44 people were reported ill and one died; among tar workers 53 were reported ill and nine died; in the handling of oil 97 were reported ill and 26 died.

Tar and Pitch Danger

We confess that we never see road workers handling tar and pitch with unprotected hands and arms without reflecting on the terrible danger which threatens them. Has not the time come when a man who gets his living in such an occupation should be compulsorily protected by the enforced use, under penalties, of proper gauntlets?

What we have printed here is sad reading; it is one of those things that few people know anything about and that everybody ought to be made acquainted with. An investigation of old records shows that the total number of deaths from industrial disease has decreased very little.

THE BABY BOX

Once upon a time anyone walking along some ancient street might look up and see a man in a cage, high above the traffic, for mocking eyes to gaze at.

We thought those days were gone for ever, but now we hear they are doing this sort of thing to babies in Holland.

Outside the windows of some new flats are little contrivances called baby boxes, so arranged that baby can sleep in the air without any risk of falling, and well screened from draughts. There is no need for Mother to trudge to a park and give Father a tinned supper because she had no time to cook. Baby is hung out of the window and Mother does her housework with a peaceful mind.

To All Kind Homes

Please ask your Butcher to use the Humane Killer

GETTING RID OF FIRE Progress in the Motor World

FUEL WITHOUT FLAME

A new kind of petrol is on the way which will save a great deal of danger.

It is largely the result of the discovery of a new kind of combustion. It is possible, in fact, to make an oil burn without a flame, and the combustion is so complete that the fuel is instantly turned completely into carbon dioxide, whereas, ordinarily, some of the very poisonous carbon monoxide gas is formed in a motor-car engine. When this new fuel burns, without a flame, it gives out the most extraordinary heat, and answers perfectly for motor-car purposes.

We must remember, of course, that the oil used in a Diesel engine will not burn if you put a match to it. It is mixed with air, and when compressed in the cylinder of the engine the mere compression causes it to explode; no spark is necessary. So the new flameless petrol that is now claimed to have reached a practical stage is not an entire novelty, but it will be of the utmost importance in making motoring safer.

According to Professor Bender of Oregon State College, flameless combustion will be an outstanding feature of future development in the motor world.

WHEAT AS MONEY Astonishing News From America

The astonishing news comes from America that wheat is being used for barter, by the farmers who are so badly hit by the fall in prices.

Wheat is now selling at British ports for a rubbishy price, 48s 10d, fetching only 22s 6d, and this price includes not only the corn itself but the cost of road traffic in the country of origin, putting it on shipboard, transport across the ocean, port duties here, insurance all along the line, and other charges.

If we work out this price we find it comes to about a halfpenny a pound!

When we inquire what the American farmer is getting for the wheat before it is transported we find that it is only 1s 3d for a bushel.

Faced with this situation the American farmers are taking refuge in the ancient process of barter. Instead of selling their wheat for 1s 3d a bushel they are trading it directly in exchange for things such as clothes, dresses, furniture, motor-cars, hats, and household goods. In a sense this is barter, but it is really more than that: it amounts to using wheat as money. *See World Map*

THE OLD DOCTOR

How He Cured His Patients

We heard someone talking the other day about an old doctor, now dead. It is good to think of such men.

It was said that he cured more patients from the ladder than from the surgery.

His wife was kept busy making chicken jelly, and mutton broth for poor invalids. He knew it was no good prescribing medicines for people who could not afford good food.

Once he found a woman ill in bed and alone at midday. He went downstairs, found an egg, and cooked it for her. Then he rummaged about her house till he found an extra pillow and clean pillowcase. Next day came his wife with a delicious luncheon.

All this trouble was taken for an old maid who lived in extreme poverty.

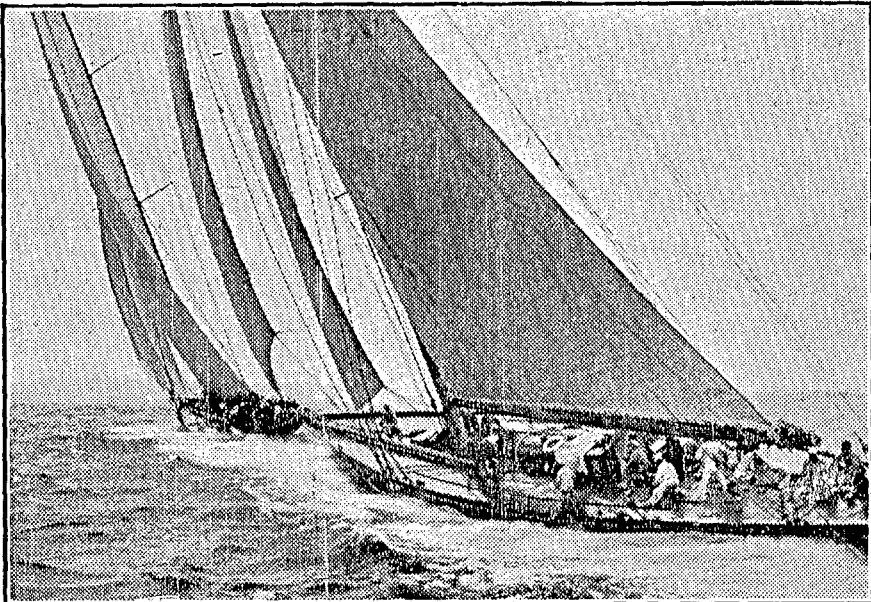
And did he not ruin himself by such generosity? No, for the old saying holds good: "I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread."

August 8, 1931

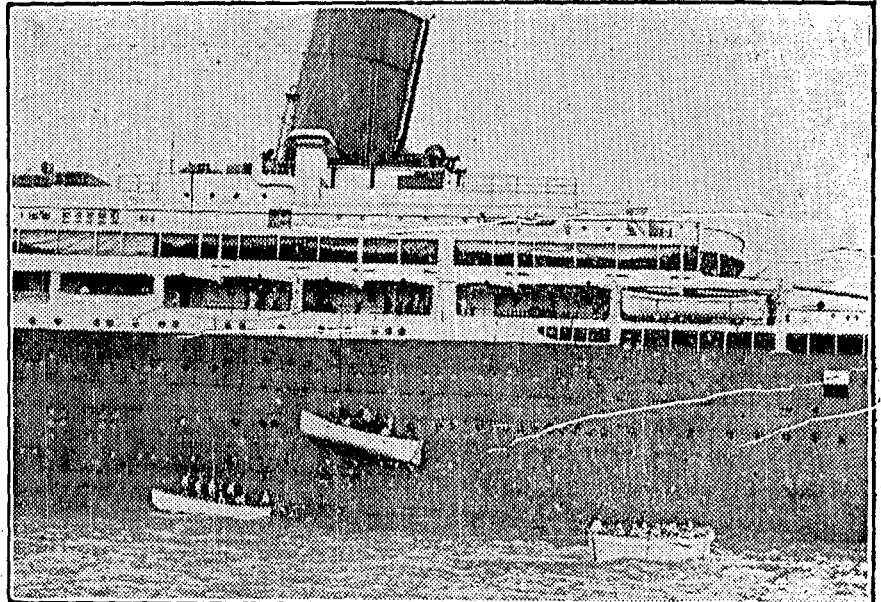
The Children's Newspaper

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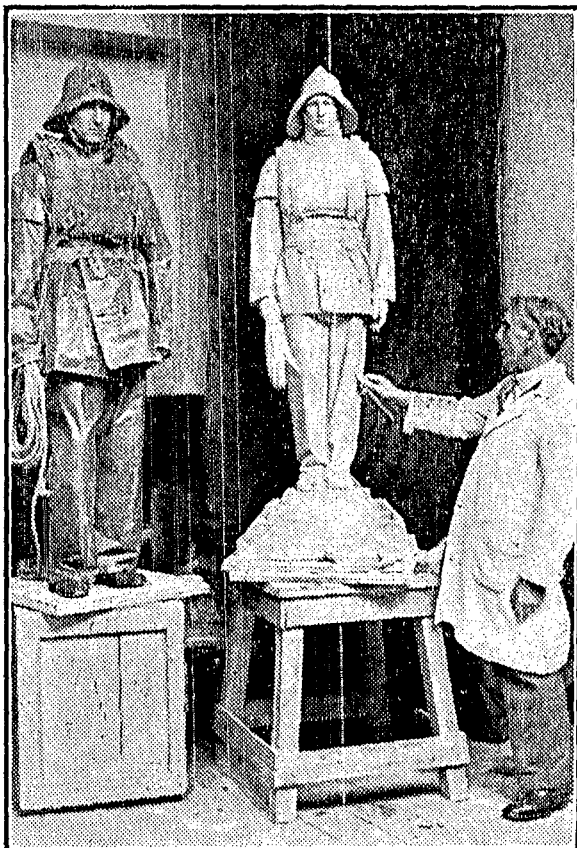
MANNING THE LIFEBOATS · THE YACHT RACE · A LONDON REFLECTION



A Thrilling Race—What sight on the sea is more thrilling than a close race between great sailing yachts? Sir Thomas Lipton's Shamrock V is seen here following the King's yacht Britannia at Falmouth Regatta. Britannia later retired and Shamrock won the race.



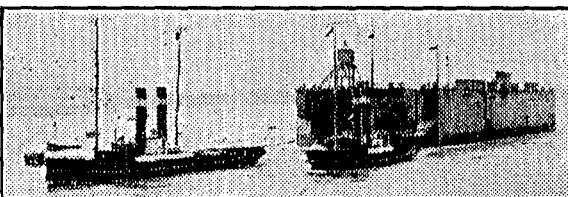
Lifeboat Practice—Although happily the lifeboats on a big liner are seldom required in use it is essential that crews should have frequent practice in handling them in case of emergency. Visitors to Southampton Docks recently saw men of the Leviathan taking off in the lifeboats.



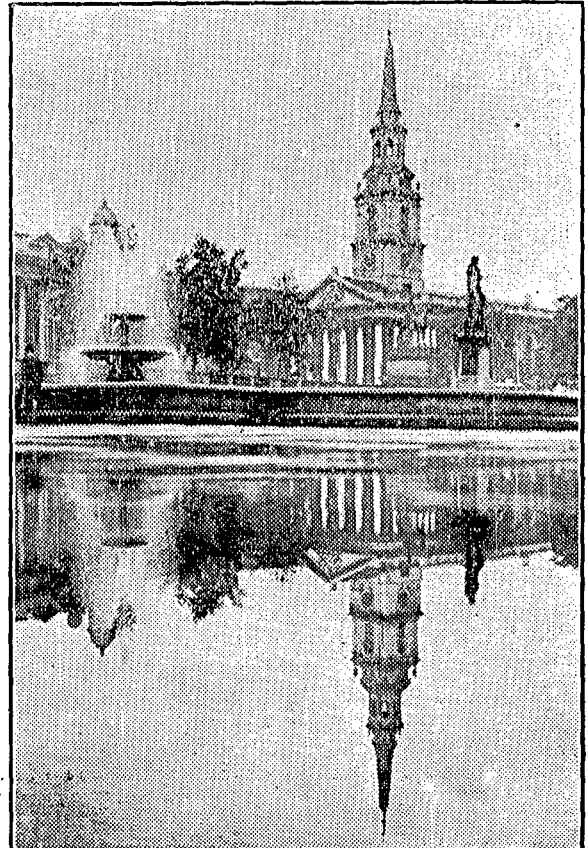
A Memorial—Mr James Wedgwood at work in his studio on the clay model of the figure which is to be erected over the graves of the Rye lifeboatmen who perished in 1928.



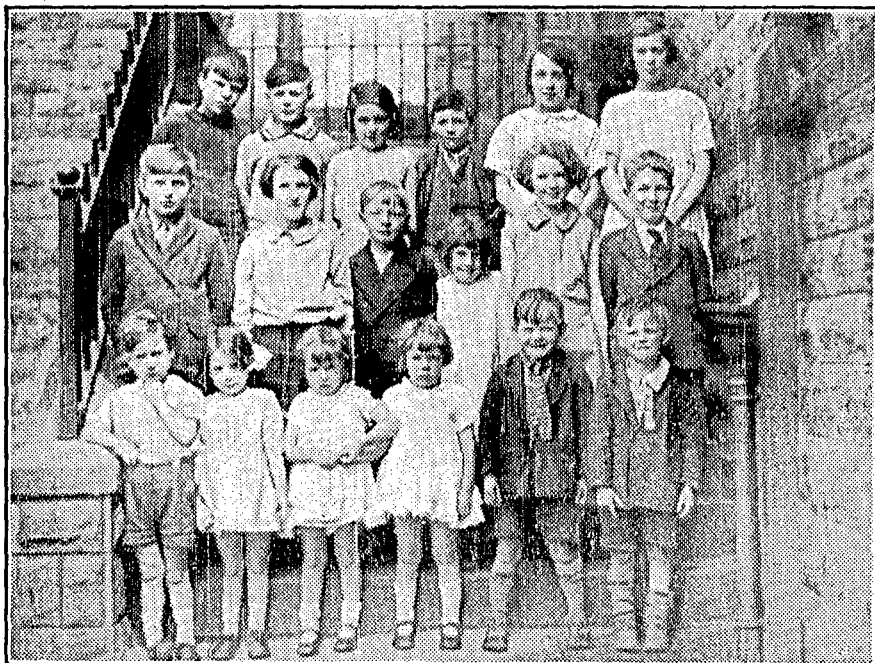
Cupboard Love—Winnie, a baby bear at the London Zoo, is very fond of condensed milk, and as this little fellow is giving her some she is perfectly willing to be friendly.



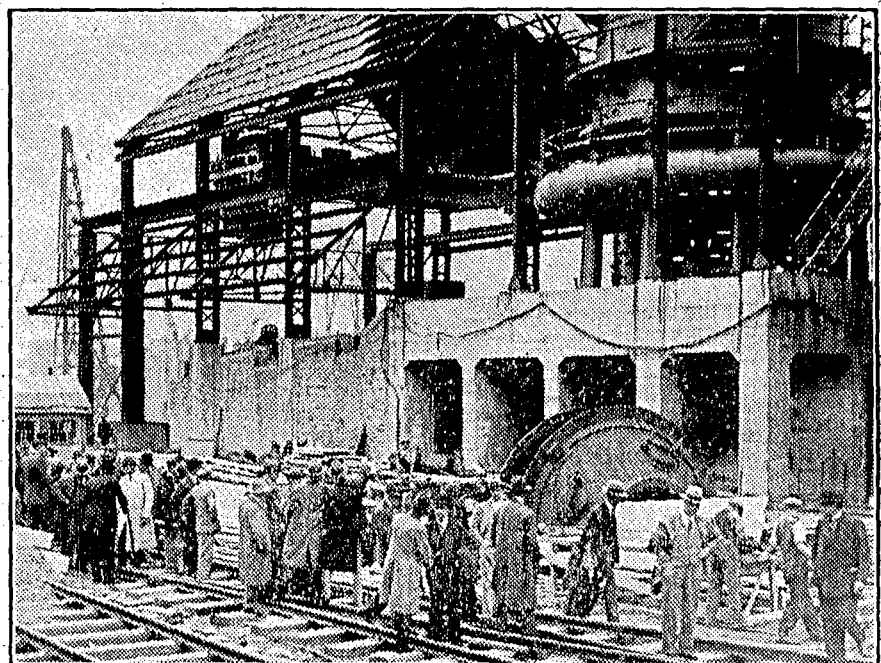
Dock's Long Journey—This giant floating dock has left the Tyne and is being towed by two Dutch tugs to Wellington in New Zealand, 13,500 miles away. See page 4.



A London Reflection—After a heavy downpour of rain a photographer was able to secure this picture showing St Martin's-in-the-Fields reflected in a puddle in Trafalgar Square.



Nine Sets of Twins—There are no fewer than nine sets of twins attending Haslingden Central Council School in Lancashire. Is this a record for one school? The twin boys in the back row are brothers of the twin girls in the same row.



New Industrial Centre—The great new Ford motor-works which are being erected at Dagenham were recently visited by a party of 70 M.P.s, who made the journey by steamboat from Westminster. Here the party is seen by a big new furnace.

THE SKY PILOT OF AUSTRALIA

AN AEROPLANE FOR THE LONELY NORTH

Missionary Society Shows the Way

AN AMAZING FEAT

For the first time in the history of any country an archbishop has consecrated an aeroplane to the service of a missionary society.

Last May Archbishop Head, of Melbourne, Australia, blessed a Gypsy Moth, naming it the Sky Pilot, and sent it forth to serve the people of the great lonely lands of Northern Australia. A young man of 25, Mr C. Langford-Smith, is to pilot the plane.

For two years Mr Langford-Smith has been stationed at the Roper River Mission in a land that is utterly different from the land of the south. In the north it is tropical. There are wide grass plains and low wooded hills, clustered thick with pines and gum trees. Years ago someone introduced buffaloes, and these have now prospered and increased so that thousands run wild. The rivers swarm with crocodiles, and tropical fruits and cotton can be grown along their banks.

The Home of the Blackfellow

This is the home of great cattle runs, where a man may own thousands and thousands of square miles of land, and where the people of the homestead may see no other white folk for a year or more; where mails come once or twice a year, and all the stores have to be ordered twelve months ahead.

This is the home of the Blackfellow, and for him there are three mission stations: first, the old-established station at Roper River. This mission owns "just a little block of land," but it is 250 miles square.

There is another mission at Groote Eyelandt, a paradise of an island with rivers overgrown with water lilies and ferns meeting overhead, and never a rabbit or sparrow to be seen. This mission is for the half-caste people.

To Aid the Lepers

There is a third mission at Oenpelli in Arnhem Land, that square projection of land in the very far north. On Caledon Bay in Arnhem Land the natives are cannibals, but it is here that Mr Langford-Smith hopes to establish a mission station. He knows that many of the natives are suffering from leprosy, brought in from the islands of the East, and he wants to build a hospital where they may come for treatment and receive the healing chaumaulgra oil.

He is going to fly overhead to map out the land, to mark the waterholes and the rivers so vital to an exploring party, and then he will lead in a ground party.

When his plane flies into the blue sky of the north it will be a welcome sight, for it will link-up some of these lonely cattle stations. If need be he may be able to take a sick man to the nearest hospital, even though that hospital be four or five hundred miles away.

Mr Langford-Smith knows what it is to be ill and far from help, for one day he fell and broke his ribs. The natives bound him up as best they could, but a high fever developed.

Alone With the Blacks

Worse still, he went blind, and delirium followed. He was alone except for his black friends.

At night, when the fever was high, he would run down to the river and jump in, for in his delirium he wanted only to be cool. The natives would jump in round him, risking death from crocodiles, and bring him ashore to safety. They would take him up to his room and watch over him the long night through. Slowly he won back health and strength.

When Mr Langford-Smith went on furlough to Melbourne he told the

THE EMPTY CONTINENT

Few People and Fewer Animals

WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO AUSTRALIA?

We told the other day the story of the disappearance of Percy the Platypus from the Melbourne Zoo.

It is not the first time that a shy platypus, one of the strangest and most primitive animals on the Earth, has withdrawn itself from the public gaze. When the British Association visited Melbourne in 1914 a platypus was captured and domiciled in a glass-covered tank for members to see.

But none saw it, for this odd creature successfully and persistently hid in the weeds and mud provided in the tank to remind it of its native haunts. It might be supposed from the rarity of the creature's appearances that Australians would be anxious to preserve it. They are; and its slaughter is forbidden by law. Nevertheless it is asserted that the furry skin of the platypus is being smuggled to Europe in bales of rabbit skins because it fetches a good price.

The Tree Bear and the Opossum

This underhand crime is one which the State Governments cannot prevent. But they cannot be held entirely blameless when we consider the slaughter they have sanctioned of Australia's only bear, the little koala, or tree bear, which is no longer than the big Teddy Bear of the nursery, and is as harmless.

In one season the Government of Queensland permitted the killing of a million little koala bears for the enrichment of the fur traders.

Another delightful little creature of Australia's none too plentiful native wild animals is the opossum. Five million opossums of Queensland shared the fate of the million koala bears. The reason for the destruction is the same; they contribute to the fur market and the profits of the fur traders.

Australia's kangaroos and wallabies are following the koala bears on the road to disappearance. If anyone believes that they cannot all be killed off there is the fate of the North American bison, in another continent, to remind him that he may be wrong.

Australia is almost empty of people. She seems doomed to be without animals too, unless these States Governments wake up to the danger.

Continued from the previous column

friends of the Church Missionary Society how valuable an aeroplane would be in his work; it was not long before one was purchased, and he spent most of his holiday learning to fly it.

One lonely little family of white people will give Mr Langford-Smith a warm welcome.

On the Roper River live a man and his wife and their only child, a girl of fourteen. Years ago the father thought he would leave the south of Australia and go up to the north to breed Persian cats. It was a strange idea, but he actually set out with his crates of cats. One by one they escaped, and only one remained when they reached the north.

Undaunted, the man began to build his home. He had only a short hand-saw, but with this he cut down the timber and built his house, an amazing feat. He grew cotton and maize on the river bank and he kept a herd of goats. The little family still lives there, and sometimes they see no other white people for a whole year. The daughter learns school by correspondence—when the mail comes in—and day after day and year after year she minds the goats.

Mr Langford-Smith looks forward to the day when Arnhem Land will be marked off as a sanctuary for the natives of Australia, where, under the supervision of white men, they will own their cattle stations and grow cotton.

THE CAMPER'S BOOK

ALL HE WANTS TO KNOW

A Jolly Way of Seeing the World's Best Countryside

BY TENT AND CARAVAN

Caravanning and Camping. By A. H. M. Ward. Pitman & Sons. 2s 6d.

Here is the very book for all those thousands of people, old and young, Scouts and Guides, and Life Brigaders, who love the country well enough to live in it and camp in it and ride through it in caravans.

Be he schoolboy or grandparent, everyone today is fond of the open-air life in summer, and this book is a complete guide to its full achievement, whether on foot with light-weight equipment on your back or reclining at ease in a car with a luxury caravan trailing behind.

When, Where, and How

When to go, where to go, how to go, what to take, and what to avoid are, here set forth in language the dullest person cannot fail to understand. Every type of caravan is described and the type of country for which it is most suited. Lists are given of the equipment needed and the stores that should be taken; while a chapter is devoted to the individual articles and how to use them—stoves, sleeping-bags, cooking utensils, lanterns, ovens, bedding, furniture, and so on. In the hands of the uninitiated the small space of a caravan or a tent can be the most uncomfortable residence imaginable, but here Mr Ward gives a hundred hints on how to make this home from home a really enjoyable place.

There is a splendid chapter on Camping Life, and the golden rule is strongly stressed. No farmer will ever refuse a pitch to any camper following the guidance of Mr Ward, who sums up his list of Do's and Don'ts with the phrase *Learn Country Manners*.

British Camping Districts

The book opens with a delightful description of the best British camping districts, and the photographs of forest, moor, and mountainside are admirable. We are told how to read a map, how to understand the mechanical details of our shelter, how to cook, and how to render first-aid.

At the end of the book are lists of hills with their gradients and full details of the sizes of all kinds of tents, trailers, and caravans. There is a good index.

We have the best countryside in the world. In spite of all the spoilers and destroyers it remains so. Here, for all who love the country life, is the best little book of its kind that we have seen. It will make a camp a jolly place for those who follow its counsel and it is cheap enough for anybody.

THE CAMERA IN THE CLOUDS

Where It Must Not Look Down

"Free as air" runs the phrase, but it will have to be altered. The European air is not free to photographers except over England and Greece.

Greece has just agreed to allow pilots and passengers to use their cameras while flying over Greek soil. In other countries, or perhaps we should say over other countries, it is forbidden without a special permit.

What have they to hide?

Perhaps nothing but their timidity and some stupidity; perhaps it is just that they have not got over the ugly, suspicious, frightened habits of other days. England, having lost her sea-girt security since airships came in, might have been forgiven a little nervousness, but she has none. Visitors may snap her as much and as often as they like, and, as for spies, she has nothing to hide from them.

GREAT BATTLESHIP WASTE

SIZE GONE MAD

How Our Money is Thrown Away at Sea

WHAT COULD BE DONE WITH IT

This has been called Disarmament Year because we are approaching the all-important Disarmament Conference to be held early next year, upon which the fate of civilisation depends.

Admiral Sir Herbert Richmond has been making an important contribution to the subject by pointing out that the big battleship is a mistake and that there is no service a warship has to render today which requires the tonnage to exceed 6500.

It seems only the other day that Britain built that famous ship Dreadnought which cost approaching £2,000,000. The special feature of the Dreadnought was that she was a labour-saving vessel armed entirely with big guns. This ship, creating so much interest throughout the world and setting a new fashion in battleships, was of 17,900 tons.

Millions Piled On Millions

If we take a few examples of pre-war capital ships we find that the Empress of India, completed in 1914, cost two millions and was of 26,250 tons. The Tiger, of 28,900 tons, cost over two millions. In 1915, the second year of the war, the Queen Elizabeth was completed. Her tonnage was 31,000 and she cost nearly three millions. Then came the Hood, of 42,100 tons, costing nearly six millions. Thus after the war we find a warship costing twice as much as the Queen Elizabeth of 1915 and of a tonnage half as great again.

To the lay mind it certainly seems that to build these extravagant vessels is indeed to put many eggs in one basket. This view is confirmed by the rapid destruction of great ships in the Battle of Jutland. The Indefatigable and the Queen Mary were blown up almost instantly, and of their crews, 2000 men in all, only 18 were saved.

Little Towns or Big Ships?

When we contemplate a single warship costing nearly £7,000,000 it is impossible not to think what a magnificent amount of useful work could be accomplished with the same expenditure.

With £7,000,000 could be built 17,500 splendid cottages costing £400 each and housing 87,500 people. The warship Rodney, in all her pride, represents work that would have built a little town.

When we ask how long the Rodney is to exist we find that she is due for scrapping in 1942. She was completed in 1927! If she is replaced in 1942 another little town will be thrown away.

It is sometimes argued that the building of warships provides employment. Of course it does, but while it provides work it also prevents the employment of labour on things of permanent value which add to the wealth and health of the nation.

A Great World Fact

At the Washington Naval Conference it was agreed that the limit of size for warships should be 35,000 tons, but no reason was given why it should not be 25,000 or 10,000. Admiral Richmond, after closely considering the matter in its technical aspect, concludes that there is no sense in building a ship of more than 6500 tons.

It is good to add that, acting in advance of the Disarmament Conference, we have set an example to the world by halving the pre-war tonnage of the Navy. That is a great world fact, for we have greater need of sea defences than any other people. At the same time the British Army has been reduced to negligible numbers, and may fairly be compared with the small army allowed to Germany under the Peace Treaty.

August 8, 1931

The Children's Newspaper

II

THE PERSEID METEORS

A Wonderful Display To Be Seen Next Week

WHY THEY SELDOM HIT THE EARTH

By the C.N. Astronomer

Next week should provide a good opportunity for seeing some fragments of a comet of 1862 hurl themselves to destruction in the form of meteors.

These belong to the well-known Perseid stream, so named because they always appear to radiate from the constellation of Perseus. This is now low in the north-east sky after about 11 o'clock, when its chief stars may be seen as shown in the star-map.

The absence of the Moon's radiance from the night sky will allow the meteors to be easily seen; and if, as sometimes happens, our world should pass through the denser portion of this meteor stream in the early part of the night a fine display may be expected in England, and between 60 and 130 meteors an hour may be counted.

The nights when this is most likely to happen are those from August 10 to 12, though a few meteors may be seen on preceding and succeeding evenings. Last year the greatest number was observed on August 11, but brilliant moonlight and unsatisfactory weather greatly impaired observation in England.

Although the Moon also marred the effect in America as many as 145 meteors were counted in one locality in the course of six hours; in another 238 were observed during the night.

Much better results are expected this year; and a few may be seen any fine night next week in the north-east sky. The later they are looked for the better, the early morning before daybreak being actually the best time, when the meteors will appear to come from a little way to the south-east of overhead.

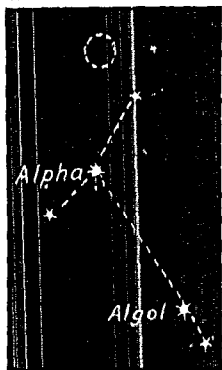
The numbers likely to be seen by any one observer are not likely to exceed an average of 120 an hour, yet the actual number of meteors that enter the Earth's atmosphere each day amounts to the enormous average of 20 millions, according to the expert calculations of Professor Newton. What a terrific peppering humanity might get with such a horde of these celestial missiles flying at us, with speeds from 50 to 60 times faster than a shot leaves a gun!

Our Protective Envelope

As it is, our world's atmospheric envelope protects us; and as each meteor enters it, some 80 miles or so above us, it ignites as the result of the excessive friction, and is consumed in the next second or two of its progress toward us, usually getting burned up when between 20 and 30 miles above the Earth's surface.

Nevertheless a few reach the ground if they are so large that they are not completely consumed in transit. These are known as meteorites. They are very heavy and plough deep holes where they fall. It is calculated that as many as 4000 may fall in the course of a year, most of them smaller than cricket balls, but there is no authentic record of anyone having been killed by a meteorite.

G. F. M.



Chief stars of Perseus, the dotted circle showing from where the meteors appear to radiate

C. L. N.

A Chance For Bright Young Members

ESSAY COMPETITION

Number of Members—27,715

Here is a chance for London members of the C.L.N. to distinguish themselves.

An Essay Competition has been arranged by the London Regional Federation of the League of Nations Union. It is open to everyone under 20 who lives within the area of this Federation (which includes London, Middlesex, and parts of Essex, Herts, Kent, and Surrey), whether they belong to the League of Nations Union or not.

Boys and girls who are not more than 13 will be in the Junior grade of the competition, and those who are C.L.N. members will know how to set to work, for the subject is to write a letter to a friend on the work of the League.

Older children, under 17, come into the Intermediate grade, and here the subject is the Health Work of the League. The seniors are asked to write on the Problems of World Disarmament.

The Prizes

Now about the prizes. Juniors are offered first, second, and third prizes of £1 10s, 15s, and 7s 6d. Intermediates are offered £2, £1 10s, and 15s. Seniors £2 10s, £1 10s, and 15s.

The League of Nations Union has no use for dunces, so there are no 'booby prizes', but all who write intelligently will receive certificates.

All prizes will be presented in the form of books, unless the winner is going to some Summer School arranged by the League of Nations Union, when the money will be used as part payment of the fee.

The essays should be written on one side of the paper only and must be the competitor's own work. They should be sent to the League of Nations Union, London Regional, 43, Russell Square, W.C.1, to arrive not later than December 1.

We hope our members will tell their friends about this competition, and that it will be the means of bringing many boys and girls to join the C.L.N.

How to Join the League

All letters should be addressed:
Children's League of Nations,
15, Grosvenor Crescent, London, S.W.1.
No letters should be sent to the C.N. office.

With each application for membership should be sent sixpence in stamps for the card and badge. Please give your name and address, birthday and year, and the name of your school.

PLEASE TO REMEMBER

Louis Wain and His Cats

People who love poor pussy will always keep a kindly thought of Louis Wain, who drew pictures of pussy for the children many years ago.

It was years before there was a C.N., or a page with pictures of Jacko and other pets of the nursery, and Louis Wain, who first drew such pictures, made them popular with children who have now children of their own.

It is for old time's sake that many of these grown-up children are now crowding to the Brook Street Gallery, off Bond Street, where an exhibition of Louis Wain's pictures is being held. Needless to say, they take their own youngsters with them, and the fun and inventions of Louis Wain's cats are just as appealing now as ever they were to young and old.

There is yet another reason for going to see this little exhibition of cats of every kind, drawn with an unfailing sense of fun and good humour. It is that Louis Wain has grown old. Health and wealth have missed him, and if his pictures can be sold as well as seen it will help to keep his home together and support the sisters who lived with him.

A TWO-MINUTE VISIT TO KING CHARLES'S JEWEL

Step off a bus anywhere near Lincoln's Inn and in two minutes you may be looking at King Charles's Jewel.

It is in Sir John Soane's house, and is a relic of one of the turning-points in English history.

Charles Stuart's jewel was picked up among the rest of the royal baggage on the stricken field of Naseby.

A glittering thing it is, bright with enamel, such as the King might have worn as a pendant over the broad ribbon of the Garter.

It is of elaborate workmanship. A Cavalier figure stands with drawn sword and shield with drum and standard and a sheaf of arrows and all the panoply of war surrounding it, and a crown surmounting it. It was said to represent King Charles defending his rights, and it brings to mind the poet Marvell's lines on that tragic event in Whitehall, four years after the Battle of Naseby had been lost and won.

He nothing common did or mean
Upon that memorable scene,
Nor called the gods, with vulgar spite,
To vindicate his helpless right.

The Battle of Naseby

But the field of Naseby was less nobly tragic. The battle was that in which the Cavalier troops of the King met the Puritan forces which they despised, but which had now been reformed by Oliver Cromwell into the New Model. Armed Puritanism was now first to manifest all its strength. Faith that the God of Battles was on its side nerved the chosen ranks with stern confidence.

We need tell again the story of the battle only in the briefest way. On the high moor ground in the middle of England, situated between Daventry and Market Harborough, the armies met. Prince Rupert, on the King's right wing, charged up the hill and carried all before him and went on to plunder the Parliamentary baggage.

Cromwell charged down the hill with his Ironsides on the other wing, and did not gallop off the field to plunder. He turned inside on the flank of the King's centre, and when Rupert returned it was to find the King's infantry a ruin. The battle was lost, and with it the Royal cause.

The Royal army was broken and scattered. The King's carriage was taken, with his personal belongings, the jewel among them, and, what was a greater loss, a number of incriminating letters in the King's hand.

Cromwell's Letter

Here is the conclusion of Cromwell's letter written on the same night, addressed to Lenthall, Speaker of the House of Commons:

Sir, This is none other than the hand of God: and to Him alone belongs the glory, wherein none are to share with Him. The General (Fairfax) served you with all faithfulness and honour; and the best commendation I can give him is that I daresay he attributes all to God and would rather perish than assume to himself. . . . He that ventures his life for the liberty of his country, I wish he trust God for the liberty of his conscience and you for the liberty he fights for.

It is written in a strong, firm hand, and if you would see this famous letter you have but to walk over to the other side of Holborn, to where, in the British Museum, it is preserved.

Many other rare things are closeted in Soane's Museum, which Londoners pass by every day, not one in a thousand going in to see. There are pictures which Hogarth painted of the life of the eighteenth century; there are the drawings which Piranesi made when the Adelphi was built; there is the first edition of that romance of Robinson Crusoe which Defoe penned and every schoolboy has read. But King Charles's Jewel is the most poignant relic of English history to be found there, and indeed is history itself.



This is a jolly drink

PETER is an enthusiast for cold "Ovaltine." Both at home and on holiday—at mealtimes and during the gloriously happy hours on the sands—he is always ready for cooling, refreshing cold "Ovaltine."

And Mother is pleased, for she knows that one of the great problems of summer-time is to cope with capricious hot-weather appetites. It is impossible to make children eat large meals, yet they need plenty of energy-giving nourishment to make good the energy they are so prodigal in spending.

Cold "Ovaltine" is the ideal solution of this problem. A delicious and refreshing beverage, and, at the same time, brimful of the concentrated nourishment extracted from ripe barley malt, creamy milk, and the finest eggs from our own and selected farms.

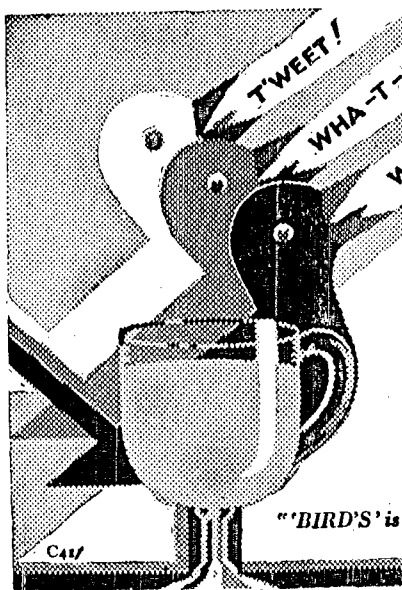
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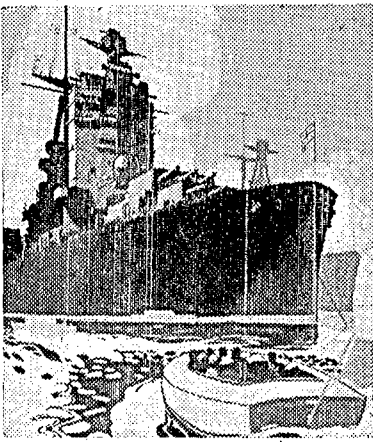


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The NAVY'S



"AT HOME"

Jack Tar's playing host at Portsmouth this week, inviting all and sundry to make a tour of his floating home. In today's issue of MODERN BOY the Naval Expert contributes a fascinating, illustrated article on this interesting subject. This splendid number is packed with fine features. There are the opening chapters of a grand new serial by Don English, another exciting episode in the gripping "Captain Justice" series; and much more.

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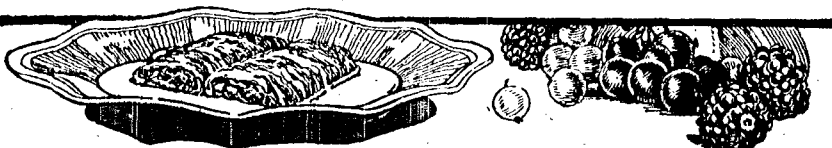
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MARIE ELISABETH SARDINES

They can always be had at the Grocers, whether one is at home or at some far remote holiday resort. **GOOD?** Well, there are more of them sold than of any other. That should be convincing.

"HELP! HELP!"

Country Holidays, Left-off Clothing, Boots of all descriptions, Hospital and Surgical Aid Letters, Food or Money for poor children, are urgently needed to help the "poor" passing through our hands. Any gift will be gratefully received by **LEWIS H. BURTT, Secretary, Hoxton Market Christian Mission, Hoxton Market, London, N.1.** President—WALTER SCOLDS, Esq.

WATCHING AN EAGLE'S NEST THE PEAT HUT BY THE EYRIE

A Naturalist's Long Wait by
the Rocky Perch

BRAVE BIRD MOTHER

Mr Seton Gordon has told a delightful tale of a golden eagle in a lonely Highland glen and the long watch he kept over her eyrie.

He knew that for centuries eagles had nested in that spot, on a ledge in the rocks which have a Gaelic name meaning the home of the king of birds. This year he was determined to get some photographs of the bird and the eaglet.

An old and experienced Highlander had built within four yards of the eagle's nest a hidie-hole of turf, roofed with heather. One bright summer morning Mr Gordon and his wife, followed by the stalker and his dog, climbed up the face of the steep glen and scrambled over the rocks toward the eyrie.

A Great Flash of Wings

As soon as they were in sight the mother bird rose with a great flash of wings and soon became a speck in the sky. The intruders climbed to the nest, and there lay the eaglet, panting in the pitiless heat of the sun. Mr Gordon noticed that as soon as his shadow fell on it the panting stopped.

He fixed his camera in the hidie-hole and prepared for the first watch. Mrs Gordon, the stalker, and the dog then made a noisy and very obvious descent of the glen, knowing that the eagle would see them and, like all birds, not take the trouble to count, so that she would be unaware of the one left behind. With another great rush of wings she came back to the nest, carrying a grouse she had caught on the way.

Father Eagle Makes a Call

Then she laid sprigs of heather over it, for all the world like a mother tidying her babe's cot, and took her stand to shield the eaglet from the sun. Looking round presently she saw the lens of the camera staring at her. Off she went into the sky to think and watch, and, evidently deciding that it was harmless, came back to her child.

That day the father eagle came to call on his family. The watcher could only photograph in memory the superb picture they made. He dare not risk the click of the camera just then.

For a whole week Mr Gordon and his wife took turns to watch the eyrie, rising long before dawn so as to reach the hidie-hut in the early hours of the morning. Each time the mother watched figures go down the glen and did not know one was left behind. She got used to the click of the camera and never suspected.

Magnificent Photographs

At the end of the week came the unbroken watch of over 30 hours which the bird-lovers took in turn. Rain spoiled their plans a good deal, and gave them much discomfort in the cold hut, but in the intervals of sunshine they succeeded in getting magnificent photographs of the great bird standing motionless, with spread wings, shading her child from the sun.

During a long watch throughout the June night of the Far North, when darkness is only dusk, the bird-lovers saw that the mother slept for eight hours, standing over her child. She did not shelter it from the cold, and took no notice of the eaglet whimpering from time to time. At dawn a happy and courageous blackbird came soaring up

GOOD NEWS OF THE POTATO Lifting the Blight of Centuries

A bright future is promised for the humble but useful potato.

It is to be freed from the blight which in damp and rainy years descends on it and makes it unfit for the pot. According to Dr Salaman of the Cambridge Plant Research Institute a new potato has been bred which is immune from contagion by blight.

Such a potato has long been the dream of potato growers. From time to time a potato is put on the market which seems able to resist disease. A few years pass, and its descendants are then found to be as susceptible, or nearly so, to potato disease as their forefathers. The potato breeders then have to begin their experiments again with another variety.

Only One Defect

Some years ago a new potato was found which seemed able to resist anything. Enormous prices were paid for it by growers. The perfect potato fetched more than any hothouse pineapple ever did. Then it faded away like others.

Dr Salaman believes he has now found a seedling potato whose constitution will endure, and whose descendants will always be as blight-proof as itself. It has only one defect, and that is the defect of youth.

It is a genuine potato, but it is not yet fit for table. Other varieties will have to be bred from it which, while retaining its disease-proof qualities, will be better to eat.

That should not prove an impossible future, and then the potato famines of greater or less degree which have been so costly in the past should disappear.

THE HOUSE OF GLEAMS No Excuse For Sulking

The people employed in some new offices at Derby will no doubt be able to solve once for all the problem of the effect of surroundings on work.

They have got the shiniest, brightest offices imaginable, and they look out on the Derbyshire cricket ground.

The stairs and corridor floors are of reinforced concrete, which is a pleasant, cool substance, and the walls are glass in steel frames. Chairs, desks, card index drawers, and all the usual office fittings are of stainless steel.

Two young ladies, Miss Norah Aiten and Miss Betty Scott, architects practising in London, are responsible for this gleaming workshop, and the directors say there is no doubt that quality and quantity of work improve when done in glass-lined rooms.

So it would seem that there will be no excuse for labourers loitering in such a shining vineyard. Black Monday cannot be black Monday when your desk and chair gleam and smile at you, and you can look out of your window at the cricket ground and remember that every Monday leads to Saturday.

Continued from the previous column

the glen and sang Good-morning to the queen of birds on her rocky ledge.

The watcher saw the eagle turn her superb eyes full on the peat wall; and never will that calm, glittering gaze be forgotten. Slowly she closed them and slept again, while the blackbird finished his song and went back to his home far down the golden valley.

When they had got their photographs the bird-lovers took their camera and went home themselves. They had endured much discomfort but had won a great prize in actual pictures of the eyrie and sights they will never forget. And they were very glad to get to comfortable beds and go to sleep.

COLDER THAN THE POLES

Snow For the Market

SOMETHING BELIEVED TO EXIST ON THE MOON

Carbon dioxide snow is on the market under the name of Drikold.

By any other name it would be just as cold as it was when, thirty years ago, Sir James Dewar showed it to his audience of children at the Christmas lectures of the Royal Institution.

Sir James used to warn the children not to touch it, because it is so cold (144 degrees Fahrenheit colder than ice) that it will subtract heat from the hand so rapidly as to create the same state of the skin as a burn.

A Surprise For the Children

That is, we should say, if carbon dioxide snow actually comes into contact with the flesh, which it will not always do if the flesh is quite dry.

Some of the children, in spite of warnings, slyly took a morsel of the snow in gloved hands and put it in their pockets. They were probably surprised to find it had gone when next they looked, for it evaporates quickly into the gas from which it comes, unless it is protected.

The makers of Drikold have taken steps to insulate their commercial product in such a way that it may be kept for three months at a time. Other devices enable its possessor to make it evaporate slowly, and while it does so it will produce varying degrees of cold. It will, for example, freeze milk solid, or will act as a refrigerating agent to preserve foods for long periods.

Frozen Gases in Industry

Who would have thought when, a generation or more ago, Professor Dewar first froze carbon dioxide, which is the one gas that passes straight from the gaseous to the solid state without first turning liquid, that these frozen gases would be employed in industry?

The air was frozen into solid snow also in these researches at low temperatures, and could be seen falling in flakes in a flask. Some day a use may be found for that also, and also for liquid hydrogen or solid helium, which represent the lowest degree of cold that science has been able to compass.

There is only one place in Nature where frozen carbon dioxide snow is believed to exist, and that is on the Moon, though some astronomers have suspected its existence on Mars.

THE G.P.O. AND THE COUNTRYSIDE

Concerning the private use of telegraph posts for countryside advertisements, of which mention has been made several times in the C.N., a correspondent calls our attention to a case outside Faversham and to another on the Maidstone road, near Otford.

It has also come to our notice that this is being done at Kingsdown above Wrotham, where a beautiful piece of Kent has been made hideous by the spoilers, who are now apparently availing themselves of the telegraph posts to further their interests.

OUT OF THE LION'S MOUTH

The danger of putting one's head in the lion's mouth is so evident as to have become proverbial. No one seems to have considered the lesser risk of thrusting a hand there.

Yet that was what a North Rhodesian rancher did when attacked by a wounded lion. With great presence of mind he gripped the tongue of the infuriated beast and held on till a companion rushed up and shot the lion just in time.

The rancher, though severely mauled, escaped with his life. He has, at any rate, improved on the old counsel about the advantages of grasping the nettle.

A NEW SHORT CUT

By St Malo to Biarritz

Short cuts are being made all round the world. A cut of 180 miles has just been made on the way between London and Biarritz.

That may seem quite a modest contribution in these days of hustle, but it has been a long time coming, and has taken a great deal of energy.

The old way was to go from London by way of the Channel ports to Paris and so onward from the Quai d'Orsay, a rather tedious day's journey.

The new way is by way of Southampton to St Malo, where the Pyrenees express is picked up on arrival. St Malo has done its bit. This fine old port has a tide which, though also very fine, rises often inconveniently high.

Twenty years ago the French thought of a scheme to circumvent the tide and improve the harbour, and if they have been even longer in considering it than the L.C.C. in talking about Charing Cross Bridge, they have the war as an excuse for their delay.

Moreover, while Charing Cross Bridge stands where it did, if not even farther back, St Malo Harbour has been so improved that it can take the Southern Railway's steamers from Southampton at any state of the tide.

The steamer will arrive at seven in the morning, and passengers will at once board an express which reaches Biarritz the same evening.

THE EVERYDAY WORLD OF THE GREEKS

Their Familiar Things

Everyday Things in Archaic Greece. By Marjorie and C. H. Quennell. Batsford. 7s 6d.

The authors of this new book are indeed busy people. Not content with the labour of revising and expanding the History of Everyday Things in England, which tells us how our ancestors worked and played from the days of the Conqueror to the days of Nelson, and their Everyday Life series of the ages before that, they have been casting their net in other seas, and their new book represents their second harvest.

In its pages the life of the early Greeks is continued from the Homer period to that great day when the Persians were swept out of Europe never to return. Pictured here is much of the fine art and architecture before the Parthenon rose glorious upon the Acropolis.

The story told is a glowing one, for the authors have followed Herodotus, the Father of History, in their narrative. They have made a close study of the drawings on vases, and from them have gleaned a wealth of detail of the social life of the people who gave to the world Leonidas of Thermopylae and the heroes of Marathon field. Their games and musical instruments, their homes and furniture, the clothes they wore, their money and their ships, are all explained and illustrated in this splendid little book.

THE CHANGING NORTH

The Compass Needle and the Map

One of the things boys learn in the early days about magnetism is that the direction of the compass needle changes from year to year.

This phenomenon has had a curious result in Canada, where many of the old land boundaries are being retraced. The question has arisen of how much the compass needle has altered.

If the boundaries were to be retraced without regard to this change important alterations in territory might be made in error. Fortunately for the surveyors records have been kept of the change of direction of the compass from as far back as 1750, but much calculation is involved in making the new maps.



HUGON'S
ATORA
The Good
BEEF SUET

"The Tug o' War"

doesn't finish with schooldays, rather does it increase with the years. The children will have to battle for existence when they are no longer under your tender care. But if they are equipped with a foundation of health and strength in youth there is nothing to fear.

The right diet plays a most important part. Nothing could be better than good homely food like "Atora" puddings and dumplings. Easily digested fat and starch elements are two vital essentials for nourishment, and these are combined in the suet, flour and various sweet ingredients, in the best possible manner.

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NEWBALL & MASON, LTD., NOTTINGHAM.—Please send sufficient Mason's Extract of Herbs and Yeast for making one gallon of Prime Beer. 4d. enclosed for postage, etc. Address of nearest retailer will be sent with each Sample.

Name and Address.....

In Block Letters.....

Children's Newspaper

THE BIG FIVE

Serial Story by
Gunby Hadath

CHAPTER 35 A Warning

TRYTTON waited a moment before he responded. Then he said: "But if I'm not to suppose that we're talking confidentially I'd rather not answer your question."

"So you'd bargain with me, would you?" Oldridge retorted. The words themselves were sharp but the voice was as lifeless as ever. How Trytton wished that he could read something in it.

But he could not. He could read no more from that voice than he could from the cool, cold features, as set as a mask.

"Well?" Oldridge repeated.

Trytton kept silence. But his thoughts cried out: What an actor! This is the fellow who passed himself off as an errand-boy just in order to say that he'd got the better of a rule.

"Well, Trytton?"

"Why should I answer your question?" said Trytton.

"Only foolishness will stop you from answering. Think. What good can you do for yourself with Fitch? He's a cross-grained old man, who hasn't a good word for the School."

"Will you tell me why you say I've been talking with Fitch? Will you tell me how it matters to you if I have?"

This was direct enough, as direct as Trytton dare go yet.

"The man isn't the sort of company you should keep, Trytton."

Trytton dared a step farther. "Oldridge," he said, "do you remember that I asked you a question last term?"

"Now you mention it," Oldridge answered slowly, "I do."

"I asked you if my brother had been in a row with a ferryman?"

"So you did," uttered Oldridge, as one who reflects.

"You said he hadn't!"

"Did I?" Oldridge returned.

"You said there hadn't been any row with a ferryman!"

"Now, did I?" Oldridge said suavely.

"You might tell me why."

"Why I answered you as I did?"

"Yes," said Trytton; and his Adam's apple was working.

Oldridge took his gaze from him, then restored it, and studied him in a long and uncomfortable silence.

"Trytton," he said at last, "you've a lot to learn yet. There are such happenings as fellows becoming a nuisance. For instance, inquisitive people soon become nuisances."

The measured words seemed almost to carry a threat.

"Inquisitive people do themselves no good. Far from it. If they don't take care they make themselves very unpopular. And so do people who cannot leave things alone."

Trytton kept silence.

"For instance, Trytton," the warning accents continued, "I remember a chap here who was always writing long letters to the editor of the School Magazine about grievances, or what he imagined were grievances. It got to such a pitch that no one could stick him."

Trytton couldn't help smiling. "I'm not writing letters," he said.

"No, but you see the idea. It's all the same thing. That fellow who bombarded the Magazine had a bee in his bonnet. And once a fellow gets a bee in his bonnet, Trytton, and begins to make a general nuisance of himself, then he's done for. That's what I want to impress on you. Don't forget it."

On this Oldridge drew himself up. "You can go now," he bade. "In a moment or two your dormitory bell will be buzzing. But think over what I've said as you're going to bed, and don't go to sleep before you've made up your mind, Trytton, that you won't have anything more to do with old Fitch. I tell you he's a mischievous creature. Keep clear of him."

And Trytton was out of the room before he remembered that he hadn't learned yet how Oldridge knew he had seen Fitch, or how much Oldridge knew of what Fitch had told him. He stopped, and almost went back, but second thoughts stayed him. It was dangerous, he felt, to discuss more with Oldridge. It was dangerous, and most rash, to show his hand further.

As he got into bed he did one thing Oldridge had bidden him. "Think over what I've said, Trytton"—he thought over every word. "Don't go to sleep before you've made up your mind, Trytton, that you won't have anything more to do with old Fitch." Nor did he go to sleep until he'd resolved to see Fitch again at the very first chance he could manage.

For what made Oldridge so keen on keeping him away from Fitch?

CHAPTER 36 Deadlock

BUT Trytton had no idea when he dropped off to sleep, to dream about a boat going down at the ferry, what quantities of water would flow past that ferry before he brought its mystery nearer solution.

For now he met a set-back on every hand. He came to a deadlock.

He tried to get hold of Fitch. The old man had gone. In Batten's Yard they could tell him no more than that. Fitch had never been one to talk of his movements, they said, but he was supposed to have left to live with a daughter in Scotland.

"Then you can't give me his address?"

No; they knew nothing of him.

And next, at some risk, he tried to sound Fitch's successor. But that was no good. The fellow would scarcely speak to him. He began to feel that the fates were in a conspiracy against him just when he had arrived at the important conclusion that one of The Five was the traitor, almost for certain.

A month ago this "almost" had not existed. Was a little doubt creeping in?

This was the most trying time of his task, the time which told on him most and told most on his spirits. To have to show a cheery face to the day-room and behave as if he hadn't a care in the world. To watch day after day going by but nothing effected; to rack his brains and cover all the old ground without discovering a single fresh exit through which he could arrive at the truth.

If Saracen's Walk had been an actual maze he could not have been more shut

off between its impenetrable hedges. To know, to know, but to be unable to prove; to have the shadow close to his hand without reaching the substance.

He had taken no one but Pickles into his confidence, and his only relief was in talking all over with his friend. He had asked, "Now I've told you how I suspect one of The Five would you risk it, Pickles, and tax them outright?"

But this he had said only desperately, aware of its foolishness, and knowing very well what his friend would reply.

Pickles had said:

"You must get some evidence first. You can't rush it. You must find your evidence. No one will believe you until you bring proofs."

"But I can't think how to unearth any."

"Can't you have another shot at the ferry?"

"I can't. I had another shot the other day. But the chap wouldn't talk. He turned nasty. If I showed my face there again, he said, he'd report me."

"It looks to me," grunted Pickles, "as though he'd been got at."

"I think so too. That first time I saw him I'd a feeling all along that he could have told me more if he'd wished. And another thing about him, Pickles: That first time I saw him, though he wasn't what you might call talkative, he wasn't positively hostile, as he is now. So I'd say he's been squared by somebody working against me."

Pickles said:

"I always thought that might happen."

And then he would do all he could to encourage his friend.

"But you're only marking time," he would say. "That's all, Trytton. Look how far you've got already. When you came back this term you hadn't the faintest notion, you didn't even dream, it was one of The Five! I think you've done wonderfully in the short time you've had."

But Trytton would shake his head.

"No, Pickles," he would reply, "that was there all the time for anyone to discover who got hold of Fitch and then began to work at the thing as I've worked at it."

"It wasn't there all the time. The Head didn't spot it."

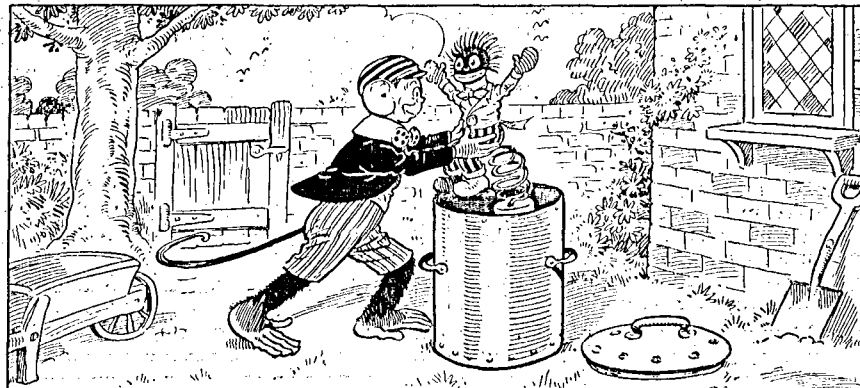
JACKO PLAYS A NEW GAME

MOTHER JACKO was delighted when the Monkeyville Corporation set up a smart motor-lorry to collect the dustbins and return them empty.

"It'll save that horrid litter on the pavement," she declared. "All I want

The next minute, of course, Baby wanted his toy again. But Jacko had an idea.

"Let's leave it inside, Baby," he said, "and give the dustman a surprise. You wait and see how he'll laugh," he



Jacko popped it inside

now is one of the new bins with holes in the lid which let in the air to keep them sweet."

Father gave his usual grunt. "I suppose you won't be happy till I buy one," he said. "I'll order it tomorrow."

The treasure arrived when Jacko was at home minding the baby.

"Grand, isn't it?" he chuckled, lifting the lid and blowing into the airholes.

Baby Jacko began to chuckle.

"Put Jack in," he said, holding up his last new toy, a giant Jack-in-the-box. Jacko grinned.

"All right," he said, and he picked it up and popped it inside the beautiful new dustbin.

"Now hide him," cried Baby. So Jacko put the lid on and shut it down.

added, "when old Jack-in-the-box jumps out."

Just then Mother Jacko's head appeared at the window.

"Who wants a hot jam tart?" she called out—for it was baking day.

Jacko and Baby made for the kitchen as fast as their legs would carry them.

But when they got back to the garden the dustbin had disappeared!

"Coo! we must get it back at once," cried Jacko.

As it happened, Miss Ape was coming to pay a call, and Jacko got to the gate in time to hear her say:

"What a beautiful dustbin! I must have a peep inside."

But on lifting the lid she got more than a peep, for Jack shot up and sent her hat flying over the garden wall.

"No. For two reasons. He didn't know how much Mark was so dimly suspecting. And he started from the wrong basis. He thought Mark could be guilty. I know Mark couldn't."

In this way they would talk on their rambles together, with Bonner wondering why they had slipped off without him. They didn't much like leaving Bonner behind, and now and then he reproached them; but what could they do? Three were too many for such a grim secret as theirs. Especially if there was somebody working against Trytton.

And, reflecting on the strangely sudden disappearance of Fitch and the strangely sudden change in his successor's attitude, Trytton felt this must be so.

The sports came and went, the laundry was no more molested, Dumph forgot his scalded fingers, Gosling his nervousness; the talk in the day-room turned more and more to the holidays, examiners set papers, examinees strove with them, the buds began to break—and Easter swept in.

Trytton meant to have it all out with Mark in the holidays, to tell him what he had learned and force his assistance. But when he got home another set-back confronted him. Mark's firm had sent him to Belgium for three months to study certain manufacturing processes, and although, after turning it over, he wrote Mark a letter in which he tried to express a good deal of his feelings, he was conscious that he could not make out such a case as he might have done if they had been face to face.

He received an answer just before he went back. It was rather longer than Mark's letters generally were, and its earnestness impressed him—up to a point.

"Whatever you do, Jim (he wrote), don't upset the Governor by giving him any hint of what you tell me. He's not been too well lately, and the least little thing upsets him. You can't do an ounce of good, so leave it alone with him. Now, don't run away with the conclusion that I haven't read your letter carefully. I have. But it convinces me more than ever that whatever the truth may be it will never be discovered. I tried. I was on the spot. But I couldn't discover it. I'm certain that what I couldn't find out you can't, Jim. But am I breaking my heart about it? Not I! So why should you, Jim, old boy? You take my advice, Jim. Destroy that notebook you mention, and go in baldheaded for cricket."

Practical advice, and all very well. But note what an admission old Mark had let out. Mark had never owned before, in so many words, his certainty that someone had made him the scapegoat! No; Mark had left him under such an impression, but had never absolutely said so. Nor had Mark breathed a word about himself trying to find out.

As Trytton told himself this, and saw the force of it, every shadow of doubt went out of his mind, and every vestige of wavering. All vanished together—despondency, discouragement, diffidence. Where Mark had failed he would succeed.

Nothing should beat him.

No one should beat him.

In this state he went back to Sandhill, to find Spring completing her preparations for Summer, steeping Brotherhood Lane in the fragrance of all sorts of growing things and filling Deep Wood with cowslips and harebells and primroses.

But Trytton had no mind for summer and little for cricket, though he took his part with the rest and showed fairish form. All his mind was riveted on his problem, to which it stuck as a limpet clings to its rock. And most he wanted Fitch. He wanted to ask Fitch one special question.

Then it occurred to him that he might secure Fitch's address from the man at the dragon-gate who had recently employed him, Mr Grimes. He remembered that Fitch had mentioned the name. So on a Sunday afternoon he went to the house and inquired boldly if he could see Mr Grimes. After some hesitation he was admitted, and put in a room where presently a puffy little man joined him.

Trytton rose to his feet and apologised. He was sorry, he said, but would Mr Grimes mind giving him Fitch's address? Mr Grimes, who had remained with one hand on the door, shook his head and declared he had no idea of it. When struck, it may be, by the blank disappointment which revealed itself at once on his visitor's face, he uttered: "Sit down! Sit down!" And, as Trytton complied: "Now tell me why you want it?" he asked, not unkindly.

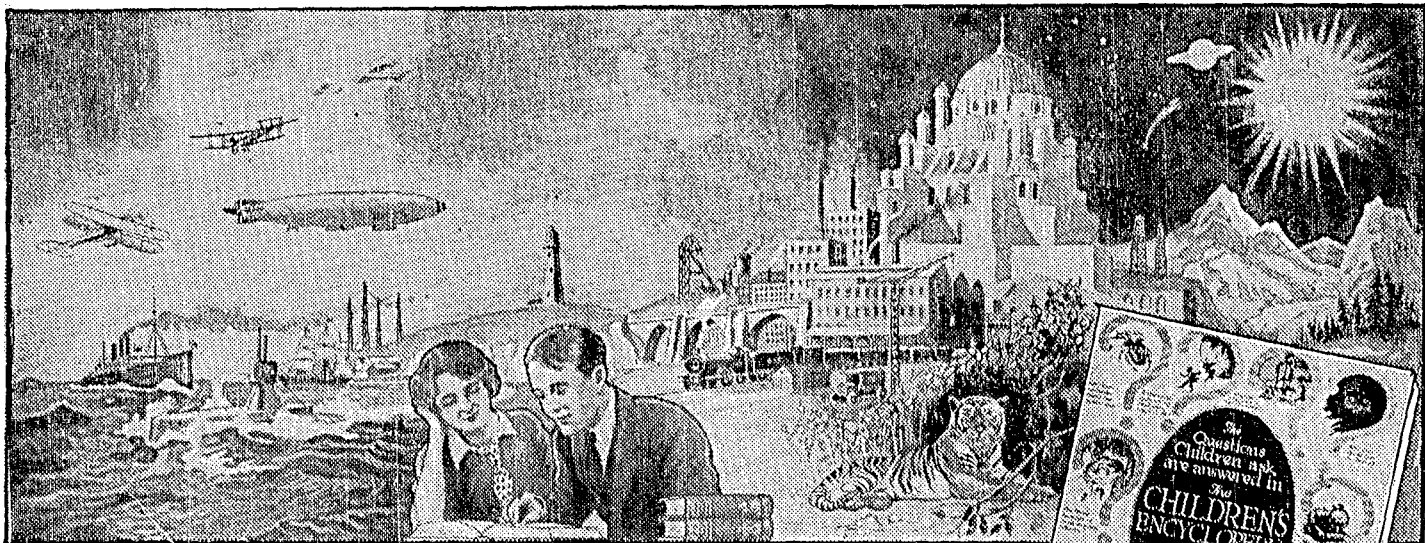
Then Trytton took a risk.

"Because," he replied, "I wanted to write and ask Fitch about that—er—accident at the ferry last year."

TO BE CONTINUED

For Your Children's Holidays

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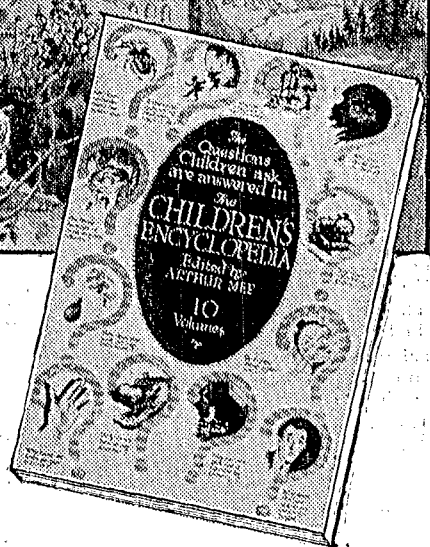
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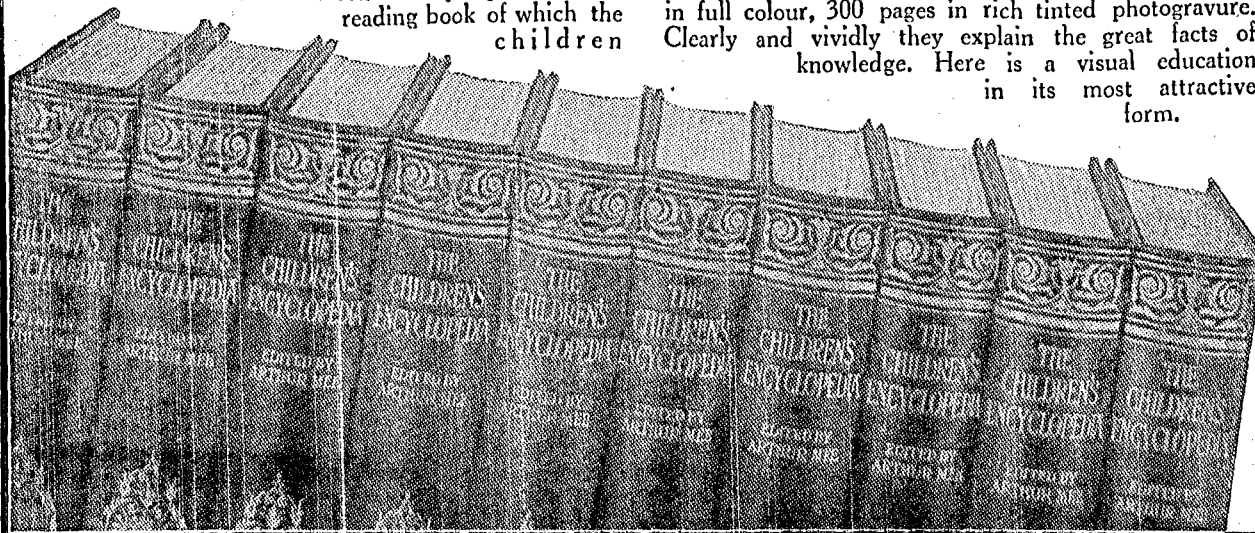
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August 8, 1931

Every Thursday, 2d

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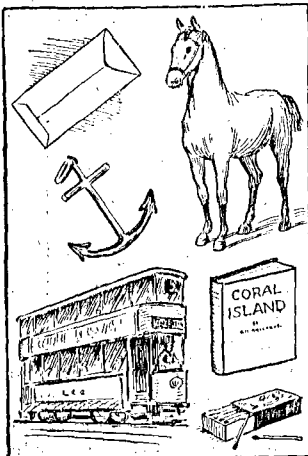
THE BRAN TUB

A Schoolmaster's Problem

A SCHOOLMASTER was arranging a display of drill that his boys were to give. He found that if he grouped them in threes there would be one boy over; in fours there would be two over; in fives, three over; in sixes, four over. There were fewer than a hundred boys in the school. How many were there?

Answer next week

A Pictorial Acrostic



FIND the six words represented by these pictures and write them one under another in such order that the initials and the finals spell the names of two English rivers.

Answer next week

Keeping Flies Away

A GOOD way of clearing a room of flies is to use oil of lavender. Fill a large bowl with steaming hot water and then let about a dozen drops of the lavender oil fall into this. The fragrance of the oil of lavender is pleasant, but it is much disliked by insects of all kinds. Shortly after the steaming bowl has been placed in the room all the flies will vanish, and they will be in no hurry to come back.

A Charade

MY first of anything is half,
My second is complete,
And so remains until once more
My first and second meet.

Answer next week

Let On Parle Français



Le canard La boucle d'oreille Un œuf

Le canard va entrer dans l'eau.
La boucle d'oreille m'appartient.
Aimez-vous les œufs à la coque?

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planet Jupiter

is in the East. In the evening Mars is in the North-West and Saturn is in the South. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 9.30 a.m. on August 9.



The Ancients Were Modern

Central Heating. In the remains of a Roman villa at Darent in Kent are to be seen the relics of a central heating system which proves that our ancient invaders understood how to keep their houses warm in our uncertain climate.

From a furnace below a raised floor hot air passed through hollow tile supports and through flues in the wall to the upper storey.

A Game for the Beach

ANY number can play this exciting game. Each player except one makes in the sand a circle, in which he is to stand. This circle is called Home. The other player must stand in the middle of the group with a soft ball. Those standing in the circles then try to

change places while the player in the centre is not looking. If he sees a player away from his circle he throws the ball at him. If this boy is hit he then takes the ball, and so the game goes on. Each circle should be large enough for a boy or girl to stand in without touching the edge.

Beheaded Words

BEHEAD a bird and leave a vessel.
Behead a runner and leave a skilled craftsman.
Behead to choose and leave the chosen.
Behead a barrier and leave a rim.
Behead something old and leave a story.
Behead the cost and leave a cereal.

Answers next week

Imitation

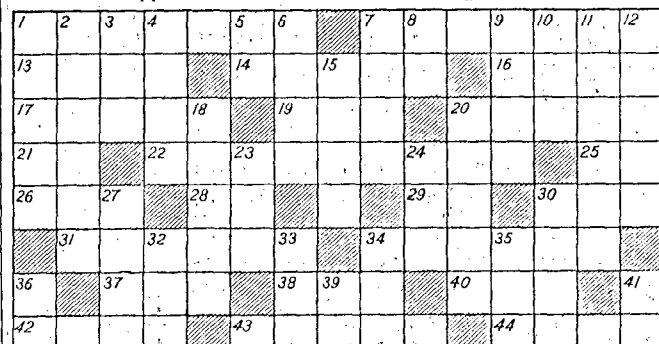
"TELL me of any animal I cannot imitate?" said the ape.
"And tell me," answered the fox, "of any animal that will imitate you."

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Giles at a Sale A Curious Word
94 sheep, 1 pig, Heroine
5 cows, Linked Squares
The Two Nines COB-WEB
IX NINE ore emu
SIX NINES=54 beg but

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

THERE are 49 words or recognised abbreviations hidden in this puzzle. Abbreviations are indicated by an asterisk among the clues which appear below. The answer will be given next week.



Reading Across. 1. A car's framework. 7. Russian money. 13. To turn. 14. A platform. 16. A payment. 17. Yards. 19. A cereal. 20. Skeleton of a regiment. 21. Father's title. 22. The study of the world. 25. Chemical symbol for aluminium. 26. A deep hole. 28. Poet Laureate. 29. Automobile Association. 30. A historical epoch. 31. Fears. 34. To regard with esteem. 37. A measure. 38. Where travellers stay. 40. England's highest honour for an artist. 42. To search for. 43. A tool. 44. Dark.

Reading Down. 1. Muscular contraction. 2. Nasty. 3. A beverage. 4. The fused refuse of metal in a smelting furnace. 5. Conditional. 6. To hit a cricket ball violently. 7. A list. 8. Conjunction. 9. Donkeys do this. 10. Directed. 11. To exasperate. 12. A sepulchral slab. 15. Propel a boat. 18. A kind of leaf. 20. To chew. 23. Ancient. 24. A cushion. 27. Familiar plant. 30. A nomad. 32. The biggest deer. 33. To absorb in small quantities. 34. Conjunction. 35. Anger. 36. Since. 39. North America. 41. Preposition.

Dr MERRYMAN

With Malice Aforethought

HE was boasting that he had never had an accident.
"But you told us yesterday that you were once tossed by a bull!" remarked his friend.
"That wasn't an accident," he replied. "He did that deliberately."

Very Old

JACK had just left a wealthy acquaintance whose money was more abundant than his culture.
"I say," said Jack to a friend, "Old Moneybags is much older than we thought."
"How do you know?"
"I asked him if he'd read Shakespeare's plays and he said that he read most of them when first they came out."

A Kitchen-Garden Alarm



O, LETTUCE, let us run and hide (The reddish radish wildly cried).
I heard the gardener say that he Was having salad for his tea.

Fit for Tat

BLACK: You can no doubt give me some tickets for the show as you work at the cinema.
WHITE: And as you work at the bank you can give me some bank-notes!

The Ever-Changing Cook

SMITH: We celebrate our cook's jubilee today!
JONES: Impossible; you are not nearly old enough for her to have been with you for fifty years.
SMITH: You misunderstand me; she is the fiftieth cook my wife and I have had since we were married.

Helping the Horses

JERRY was very small for his age. He returned home one day and told his parents that the local blacksmith had given him work.
"But a little chap like you cannot shoe horses," said Father.
"No," replied Jerry; "but I can shoo flies."

TALES BEFORE BEDTIME

MUMMY and Diana were staying in a dear little cottage in the country. Diana liked it ever so much better than town, and it was such fun helping Mummy to dust and to wash up and to get twigs for the kitchen fire: at least, that was what she thought at first.

Then she grew tired of looking for sticks. She had picked up all she could find near the cottage, and she began to grumble when she had to go farther away, because she had rigged up a tent in the garden and wanted to play in it.

One evening Mummy called to her: "I'd like you to get some more twigs, Diana. I haven't enough to light the fire in the morning."

Diana, in her tent, pouted. "But I've looked everywhere round here, and there aren't any more," she said.



She filled her basket

"There must be plenty in the little wood down the lane," said her mother. "Here's the basket, darling."

Diana took the basket rather sulkily:

"I wish I lived in fairy times," she said, "and then animals and birds would gather them for me."

"It won't take you long," said Mummy.

Diana went down the lane till she came to the little wood. At first she couldn't see many dry sticks, and then she came to a rookery, and under the trees were lots and lots of dry twigs which the untidy rooks had dropped when they built their nests!

Diana pounced on them with delight, and soon had her basket packed full. She had hardly been five minutes, and as she scrambled through the hedge she caught a little gleam of scarlet at her feet. It was a lovely patch of tiny ripe, wild strawberries!

HOW THE ROOKS HELPED

She found a big leaf and put the fruit into it.

"I'll give them to Mummy for her supper," she thought as she tasted one.

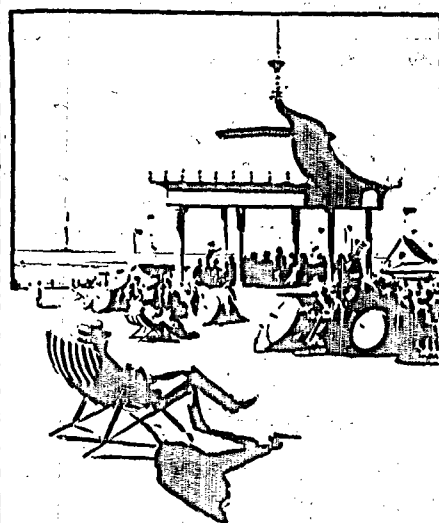
Diana hurried home as fast as she dared without spilling the strawberries and sticks.

"Mummy, Mummy!" she cried excitedly. "Look! I found all these sticks under the rooks' nests in the wood. There are lots more."

"Why," said Mummy, smiling, "it must be fairy times now, because the rooks did gather the twigs for you after all!"

"Why, so they did!" said Diana. "How lovely!"

When she gave the strawberries to Mummy she found that she had set her supper on a tiny table in her tent.



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